

The TATLER

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London, January 13, 1932

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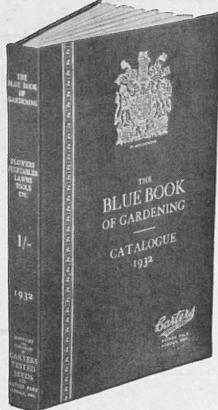
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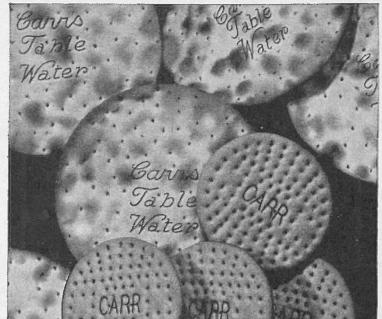
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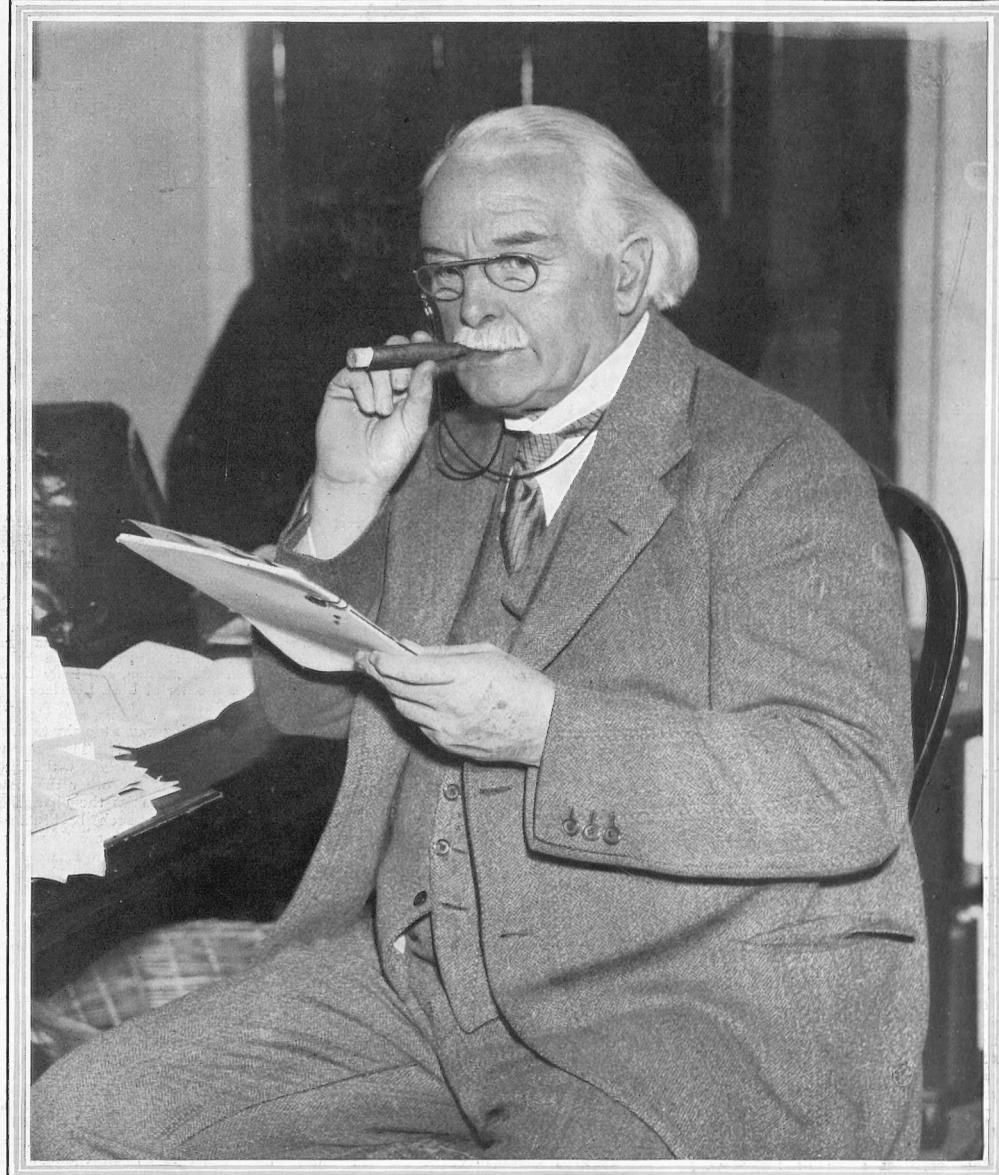
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The TATLER

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1594. London, January 13, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland, 1d.; Canada and
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"I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE QUIET FARMING" . . . SEZ YOU!

Mr. Lloyd George has returned from his holiday full of strength and vigour. He expressed the above statement of plan to a representative on his arrival. Is the old war horse going to be harnessed to the plough? Never on your life! We predict 1932 will see him again in the centre of the fray, and whether we agree with him or not his courage and energy are still a great national asset



WITH THE COWDRAY HOUNDS AT HIRNE TOWER, ARUNDEL PARK

The Duchess of Norfolk, with Miss Margaret and Miss Gillian Drummond the day the Cowdray came to their fixture in Arundel Park. The young Duke of Norfolk was out with them on this day, and a snapshot of him appears in the hunting pages in this issue

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

HOW are you getting on, my dear? We all are, I suppose. Anyway, Aunt Mary writes that she felt all her age at the Tetbury Hospital Ball to which she went under the impression that it was the Beaufort Ball faintly disguised. Quickly disillusioned on arrival, she discovered that it was really only a children's party, but, as such, a particularly good one. The absence of the more mature members of the hunt was not, she tells us, due to poverty, pride, or pique, but to an ill-founded fear that the young ladies of the committee did not intend providing free champagne—so they stayed away.

On the contrary, the executive had been extremely active and successful in every way, particularly Miss Rosemary Schwabe, who found that nothing takes the place of a Guinness (Humphrey). Miss Patricia Bainbridge was in her usual high spirits, and Miss Joyce Cooper in crushed strawberry, while Miss Alethea Lloyd, in one of the loveliest dresses in the room, was dancing with Mr. Claude Knight, the little of whom goes a very long way.

Lord and Lady de Clifford were giving proud news of their small son, John Russell, who already seems well able to enjoy life and get what he wants, in emulation of his parents. Mr. Brian Preston, looking very Beaufort, left early, but Mr. Tony Warre saw the evening through, and, in consequence, lost some of his staying power out hunting next day.

* * *

So Lady Veronica Hornby had to help Captain Somers Somerset choose his future wife's engagement ring, Brenda,

The Letters of Eve



GOING TO COVERT—OLD STYLE: MR. HUBERT DUGGAN AND LADY DIANA GIBB

Eric Gay

Going to meet the Vine hounds when they were at Old Basing, near Hackwood Park. On'y the more conservative of M.F.H.s come to their fixtures like this, and the last two of note who did it were both Leicestershire Masters. Lord Lonsdale was one of them, and also in his Quorn days he was known to go to his hounds' trysts' on a galloping hack after the manner of our forefathers. Mr. Hubert Duggan is the son of Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and Lady Diana Gibb is a sister of Lord Lovelace

Lady Dufferin being much too shy to face such an ordeal herself! The newly-engaged couple were lunching with Lady Veronica at the Ritz the other day, and congratulators did not miss the chance of a little badinage on such bashfulness. But quite a lot of mothers are shyer than their daughters nowadays. It wouldn't be difficult, would it?

As far as looks go Brenda, Lady Dufferin and her offspring are very much alike. They have the same bright eyes and curly hair, and on this occasion were both dressed in the almost too popular brown.

Lady Carnarvon, who has since left her husband for South America (only temporarily, *bien entendu*), was another russet-clad beauty, and I thought Mrs. Claude Leigh, in a short coat of summer ermine, looked particularly well in her usual statu-esque fashion. Mr. Cedric Alexander and Mrs. Simon Brand were also to be seen. The latter had taken a chance with a smart little hat lifted right away from one side of her face; most difficult to wear, and I prefer a kinder shape myself.

* * *

I mentioned brown as being almost too popular a colour, but the fashionable copper beech-leaf shade which so many



AT ROQUEBRUNE: MILE. CHANEL AND MONS. DRIAND

A snapshot taken last week at Mlle. Chanel's house party at her beautiful villa at Roquebrune, which has an even more beautiful garden. Mons. Driand is the famous French artist, who was one of the guests

people affect is undoubtedly becoming, particularly if you happen to have red-gold hair. Lady Max-Muller is one of these lucky ones. She wears hers in two lovely bright wings sweeping back from her pale face.

She has the clear, white skin, which is the perfect complement of red hair, and she was looking so nice at the recent Alhambra concert which she attended with Cora, Lady Stratford.

Plenty of other well-known people had collected to hear Mme. Borghild Bodom, the new "Swedish Nightingale." (Rather immature I thought, and she ought to learn to keep still when she sings. But she is so pretty that much may be forgiven her.)

Lady Domville was there and Phyllis Bedells, the dancer.

Afterwards everyone for-gathered at a tea-party given by Captain Wilfred Gough and his wife. She was a Miss Rodzianko, and I remember telling you, a week or so ago, about her father, that wonderful horseman. Princess Troubetzkoy is her aunt, and another distinguished member of the family is Prince George Chavchavadze, a concert pianist of great repute.

keen gossip writers that this event had already taken place some days earlier. However, don't imagine I had any complaints to make; I merely congratulated my host on being so far-seeing.

A splendid entertainment which went on till nearly midnight. We secretly suspected Binnie Hale of having tampered with the time sheet so that Bobby Howes, her erstwhile opposite number, could see the end of the show.

At any rate,

while she was doing

her impersonations, he suddenly appeared, having dashed

round from the Saville Theatre after rescuing "Mike" for the

101st time.

Swabie

"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME . . ."

Michael O'Brien, the son of Captain the Hon. Henry and Lady Helen O'Brien, knows the right man to whom to go—even at his early age of four. The Hon. Henry O'Brien is an uncle of Lord Inchiquin and Lady Helen is a sister of Lord Haddington.



THE LUCK OF THE FENCE WHERE IT'S LOW: MISS MONICA SHERRIFFE

A lucky snapshot taken when the Cottesmore were at Owston, near Oakham, last week. The long range telescopic camera can and does do some wonderful things on occasion.

How unlucky for Lady Castlerosse to have had her wonderful ruby necklace stolen, as well as several bracelets and some crêpe de chine sheets of great richness! I'm told they were all removed from her car as it stood outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street, the thieves also taking a fancy to Sir Alfred Beit's suit-case.

Really, the West End is getting quite exciting. I myself saw the tail end of a successful smash-and-grab raid carried out in the best gangster film manner. We pursued the perpetrators in a taxi for a few exhilarating moments, but their flying start was too much for us. I believe they got away with about £2,000 worth of stuff. Quick work and no mistake.

* * *

No one was more surprised than myself to find, when I arrived at the Hippodrome last week, that I was in time for the first night of *Bow Bells*. I had been led to believe by several too



WITH THE BUCLEUCH: LORD STRATHEDEN AND LADY CHURCHILL

A snapshot taken when the Duke's hounds were at Broomland, Kelso, last week. Lord Stratheden's seat is Hartrigge, Jedburgh, and Lord Churchill has a seat near Galashiels. The Buccleuch country is the Leicestershire of the Border—a good country and an even better pack of hounds.



"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME . . ."

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Lord Inverclyde was there and I also saw the Richard Guinesses. They live in Warwickshire, you know. She is Irish—a daughter of General Archie Chapman—and exceedingly pretty.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White brought his wife (in a quite lovely white frock and a dazzling diamond chain), while Violet Lorraine, all chinchilla and flowers, brought her husband—who brought her bag. I saw this nice couple and the Grahame-Whites again later at the Savoy, where the company included several other social and theatrical stars, all looking more or less well (some rather less than more!).

The inevitable Lady Bridgett Poulett was in a blue velvet dress and a cherry-red wrap, not a bad colour combination. Mr. Crutchley, the cricketer, was supping with his pretty wife; Dorothy Dickson came with Geoffrey Gwyther; Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward was with Miss Olga Lynn's party. That white curl of hers always fascinates me, and how like her mother she is! Several people have already picked her out as next season's star turn in débütantes, but I am rather fancying the chances of Lady Pamela Smith, who is due for publication then.

At the so-called private view of the French Art Exhibition I was shocked to the core to discover that we are all—even the most

(Continued overleaf)



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE Marian Lewis

With her delightful little daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, who is eagerly looking forward to the 12th annual Peter Pan party which will be held in the new ballroom at Claridge's to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The Marchioness of Cambridge will receive the guests

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

dashing and dazzling—definitely red flannel at heart. Wool next the skin, pure and simple. In pictures, as in straight plays, those that get there are the ones dealing with the commonplaces of private lives. Not the precious—such as Boucher's wonderful "Madame Pompadour" exquisitely waiting on her Louis—but the woman at the wash-tub (see Chardin's "L'Ecureuse"), or Manet's old sealskin-hatted man with his pot of beer.

Yes, homespun and the domestic interior reign supreme, far above the delicate fantasy, the cupids, the lovely ladies tied up with blue bows. Let's get down to rock bottom; eternal verities and all that.

After I had, with pain and anguish, swum against the current of the crowd (my instinct for turning left having led me astray), I deserted the early saints and Madonnas, and bathed freely in Corot, David, and Ingres. But Poussin is my first love, so powerful and with such a colossal sense of composition, such depth and atmosphere.

Watteau and Lancret, Pater and Detry seemed by comparison a little artificial, though why should one let these odious comparisons cramp the style when one is out to study the progress of Gallic painters from 1200 to 1900? I hadn't time to view the moderns, as the innumerable living works of art demanded some appreciation. Which shall I describe? That is the question. It's pretty safe to start with Lady Diana Cooper, a vision in moleskin on this occasion. The Duchess of Sutherland went one better in sables. Lady Alexander can always be depended on to enliven the scene, and her green and gold velvet coat and opulent ospreys were well up to standard.

* * *

Furs of varying degrees of richness wrapped Lady Stern, Lady Ashfield, Lady Lucan, Lady Keppel, and Lady Illingworth, and black velvet was the good idea of Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Kathleen Lady Drogheda and daughter.

Lady Caroline Paget, looking quite delicious as usual, was piloting a younger sister, Elizabeth, and they had their grandmother, Violet, Duchess of Rutland, to apply to for artistic guidance, she being not only a connoisseur in pictures but a creator of them herself.

I could fill pages with the names of further persons seen at Burlington House, but the time has come to talk of other things.

By the way, there is going to be something rather extra good in the children's party line on Thursday at Claridge's. Peter Pan will be the presiding genius, and he hopes to make a lot of money for Dr. Barnardo's Homes. When you think that, in addition to Peter himself, Wendy, Captain Hook and Company, Smee, Starkey, and all will be there, your children will long to go and see them. Lovely prizes, too, of the most unexpected kind, and Lady Cambridge to say "How d'you do?" to. She will send you tickets if you apply to 72, Eccleston Square. Please come!

Talking of children, the seven small people who pursued Miss "Biddy" Lees up the aisle at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, made an enchanting picture. One of them retired hurt into a pew almost at once, but Lord and Lady Apsley's son and his cousin were models of decorum, and Colonel and Mrs. Roger Mostyn-Owen were congratulated upon the wonderful effect which regular church-going had upon their Elizabeth. Little Caroline Sutherland preferred looking about her, and while the register was being signed set off on a tour of inspection, the choir boys coming in for special admiration.

There were five grown-up bridesmaids, and Sir Richard Leighton's racing colours—maroon and primrose—were particularly well suited to the dark, good looks of Miss Sheila Beddington.

At one moment we thought no clergy were going to appear, but they were lurking behind enormous bowers of mimosa which almost hid the chancel screen.

At the reception at the Park Lane Hotel cutting the cake proved a problem, the more usual knife being finally discarded in favour of a sword supplied by the guard of honour of Shropshire Yeomen. This was ultimately induced, by the combined efforts of bride and bridegroom, to do the trick, to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the gallery, where the tenants from Loton Park and Rowton Castle estates were gathered.

All Shropshire was there, but I've no room for further details.—Love, Eve.



MME. TETRAZZINI

Arriving in New York for a concert tour of the States. It is Mme. Tetrazzini's avowed intention that this should be a farewell tour, but America hopes that the world-famous prima donna may be persuaded to change her mind

THE CHILDREN'S SPORTS AT MELTON



MISS DIANA HARRISON, MRS. W. E. LESLIE, MRS. MURRAY-SMITH, AND MRS. JACK HARRISON



MISS ULRICA THYNNE, LADY EBRINGTON, THE HON. DIANA FELLOWES, AND MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE



THE HON. CAMILLA GURDON AND MRS. R. BATT (COLDSTREAM)



LADY LONDONDERRY AND LADY HELEN, LADY MARGARET, AND LADY MARY STEWART

Whenever there is any gap or hiatus in the fox-chasing business Melton usually arranges something in the way of amusement, coupled with instructions for the future top-sawyer of both sexes, and these pictures were taken at the mounted sports-cum-gymkhana which happened last week. These snapshots are devoted more to the audience than to the performers, excepting in the case of Lady Londonderry's three daughters. Mrs. Murray Smith and Mrs. Jack Harrison, who are amongst those a-sitting on the fence, are sisters. Mrs. Harrison is the wife of the ex-Blue's back and one of the best heavy-weights to hounds in all-England. Miss Ulrica Thynne is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne. Lady Ebrington is a daughter-in-law of Lord Fortescue. Lord Ebrington has Thorpe Satchville, near Melton. The Hon. Diana Fellowes is Lord de Ramsey's sister, and Major Carlos Clarke is as well known as Melton itself. The Hon. Camilla Gurdon is a daughter of Lord and Lady Cranworth

The Cinema : A Sin of Omission

By JAMES AGATE

It has been said that if a number of people sitting round a table at a dinner-party would each confess to a master-piece they had not read, the result would be the nucleus of a library containing the world's best books. But what need for a dinner-party? Ask any single individual, and one supposed to be normally well-read, to make open confession. If he is honest about it there is your nucleus. Take my own case. Occasionally, very occasionally, I glance at newspaper cuttings, sent me presumably out of pure kindness of heart since I have never paid for them—Messrs. Durrant please take no notice! I have read all sorts of derogatory things about myself in these cuttings—"airs and graces sit on this writer like a straw-hat on the head of an unintelligent dray-horse" was one of them! My opinions about plays and films are contemptible; my views about play-actors and film-actresses negligible; I am under-educated, and over-sophisticated, and so on. But I am well-read; my severest critics admit that they cannot get away from that! Well, dear readers of THE TATLER, every time I read this I guffaw or alternatively indulge in a long, low, silent laugh. To get a reputation for being well-read is the easiest thing in the world, and I will tell you how it is done. You choose some period which isn't very extensive or some author of smallish output, preferably of some other age and certainly of some other country, and you make a corner in that period or person. A good period is the Pléiade, not the classical one but the French under Henri III. Of the seven poets you need only remember three—Ronsard, Du Bellay, and Remi Belleau—and if anybody mentions Du Bellay you just sniff and say how much better Belleau is. If you decide for an individual then you elect for the brothers Goncourt—which is two individuals, as Hamlet might have remarked, but no matter! Or perhaps somebody with an impressive name like Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. I remember passing through Adam's Island, which is a miserable French village consisting of two houses and a duck-pond; but that is by the way. The reader can take it from me that assiduous allusion in and out of season to the works of this M. Villiers, who lived near the duck-pond, and to three-sevenths of the Pléiade will secure the respect of people who really do read. Yet I hereby announce, advertise, and circulate the fact that I have not read "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Esmond," "Emma," "Edwin Drood," "Gulliver's Travels," "A Sentimental Journey," "Middlemarch," "Roderick Random," "Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' or 'All's Well That Ends Well.'" "There's richness for you!" as Mr. Squeers would have said.

Now what is all this leading up to? And what excuse have I for alluding to matters more properly belonging to my very distinguished colleague, Mr. Richard King? By the way, I have this grudge against Mr. King, that whenever I see people reading THE TATLER, I invariably find that they are reading his page and not mine. Unless, of course, they are reading "Trinacria," which, but not whom, I find quite unbearable!! Something, *très cher*, and with all apologies to Priscilla of the Paris sparkle, seems to be the matter with me this morning, for I cannot get to the subject of this article, which is to explain how and why I never until yesterday, as ever was, saw Ruth Chatterton!

Which now seems to me to be exactly like not having heard of Gray's "Elegy." I have never forgotten the shock with which I read a confession by Mr. St. John Ervine. Reviewing a book by Miss Iris Barry, a year or two ago, Mr. Ervine wrote:—"I shall have to frequent cinemas, so that I may know something of Emil Jannings, Ramon Novarro, Adolphe Menjou, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Zasu Pitts, Lilian Gish, Mary Philbin, Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy and Colleen Moore, none of whom, so far as I know, I have ever seen." That at the time seemed to me so staggering that I cut the passage out, and I thought it might stand first in an anthology of missing knowledge. But let me be fair. Mr. Ervine is not a film critic, and I am. In fact, while there is every excuse for Mr. Ervine, there is none at all for me. I recognize now that not to have seen Ruth Chatterton is as indefensible as for a music critic never to have heard Schnabel. I say music critic rather than musical critic, since, as Mr. Beverley Baxter remarked in the wittiest after-dinner speech I have ever heard, music critics are so rarely musical.

Let me say that now that I have seen Ruth Chatterton, *de Ruth Chatterton je suis le fervent!* Henceforth she has only to glide and shimmer into my consciousness, and, like Stevenson before Elizabeth Bennet, I am at her knees. For my previous neglect Ruth may impose upon me any penance she will, even to that of standing in tears amid the alien corn. At the Plaza the other evening she made not only tolerable but entrancing that which with the average film-actress could not easily have been borne. There may be, though I doubt it, hoarser fragments of antiquity than that story in which some wild child of Nature marries into some English straight-laced family, long in nose and tooth. The plot served Sir Arthur Pinero admirably when he wrote *His House in Order*, and it served Mr. Noel Coward equally well when he wrote *Easy Virtue*. The heroine of that play, one Larita, was a wholly unpardonable minx who, when staying at a country house, poured scorn upon the young people decently playing lawn-tennis and, retiring to the morning-room, pulled down the blinds and immersed herself in *Prout's "Sodom et Gomorrhe."* The young woman impersonated by Ruth Chatterton in *Once a Lady* is not

LOÏS WILSON IN "SEED"

The screen's attractive nut-brown maid, who plays a lady called Peggy Carter in this new Universal picture. Loïs Wilson has rather specialized in the Wild-West prairie type of picture, and has been in things like "The Covered Wagon," "The Thundering Herd," "The Pony Express," and so forth

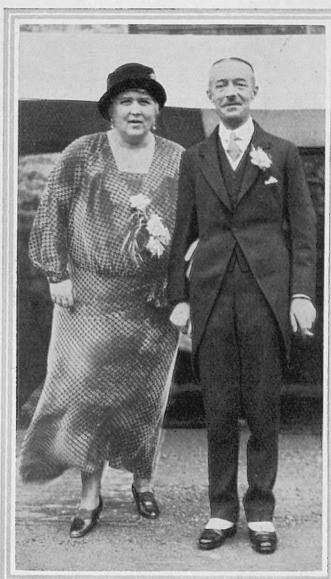
this type of fool. She is just a Russian, and as such does not see why a young man who has fought for his country with his body should deem himself fitted to represent his country with his brain, i.e. put up for Parliament. And as this young fool takes himself seriously, and as moreover the young woman married him for his body and not his brain, it is really very awkward, and we feel a great deal of sympathy for Miss Chatterton who ultimately becomes a platinum blonde and the expensive courtesan which every little typist must obviously desire to be. At least I know that if I were a lady-stenographer I should! For Miss Chatterton's clothes are really marvellous. The lady has an infant, of course, and the film is all about how years later a wanton mother dissuades her would-be erring child. I shall only say that Miss Chatterton's acting contains so much wit and finesse and beauty, and that rarest and most precious of all qualities, sense, that it turned this miserable material into pure gold.



SNAPSHOTS IN SEASON



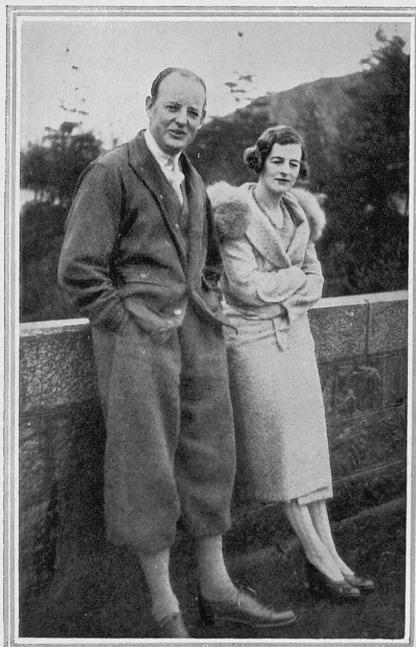
LADY EBRINGTON AND HER CHILDREN AT THE STUCLEY—BAMFYLDE WEDDING



LORD AND LADY POLTIMORE, WHOSE DAUGHTER WAS MARRIED LAST WEEK



RACING AT NICE: MR. A. K. MACOMBER AND E. HALSEY, THE ENGLISH TRAINER



AT BRAEMAR: MR. AND MRS. SAM HAMMERSLEY



MISS JOAN KRISHABER



SIR DUNCAN HAY AND MISS WALKER

The camera was busy in Devon, Scotland, and Nice for the benefit of this page. Lord and Lady Poltimore's only daughter, the Hon. Sheila Bamfylde, was married to Mr. Dennis Stucley, Sir Hugh Stucley's eldest son, on January 5 at North Molton. Lady Ebrington, who attended with her son and younger daughter, the Hons. Peter and Elizabeth Fortescue, has lately returned with Lord Ebrington from a visit to Canada. Mr. Macomber is the well-known American owner, who races principally in France, though his horses frequently cross the Channel to compete over here. Mr. Sam Hammersley, M.P., and his wife have recently been winter-sporting at Braemar. Miss Joan Krishaber, a very pretty Hungarian, has also experienced like activities from Dinnet House, the Aberdeenshire home of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay-Harvey. Miss Isobel Walker, Sir Alexander Walker's daughter, and Sir Duncan Hay were photographed in the courtyard of Sir Duncan's beautiful old place, Haystoun, in Peeblesshire.



MR. F. C. TIARKS

Who headed the British bankers who went to Berlin to have a talk to the Germans about their short term credits. Mr. H. A. Tiarks, his kinsman, disbanded his private pack this season. He had a bit of country in Somerset

to remark aloud "What filth this head-sick '21 is!" at the same time assuming the expression of disgust of the gentleman who, eating a pig's trotter, has it borne in on him that the animal was a martyr to "thrush." The gentleman who brought the stuff may be standing next you.

A rattling good morning from Willoughby Gorse with the Quorn over an unusual line of country to ground in Stamford Park, where a large number telephoned for cars, had a glass of port and inspected the marvellous bath rooms. Bad luck on Jackie breaking his wrist. He has all our sympathy. Everyone delighted to hear that Harold is making such good progress towards recovery, and we hope we shall see him out again before the end of the season.

From the Beaufort

The rather rough weather over the weekend made scent a bit catchy, but the dog pack on Monday from their fixture at Bushton scored a good hunt and penetrated well into the V.W.H. country before marking their fox to ground near Wroughton.

When we arrived on Tuesday at Ashby with Master and the lady pack, we heard that Maurice had run into our draw overnight, scoring a real, good seven mile point (let's hope this "straight-necked 'un" will teach some of ours a lesson); however, all was well, and we had a first-class day's sport over some of the best of the Tuesday country. Oh, the grief! Our Joint took two: one good overhead first to the bottom of the ditch;

From the Shires and Provinces

From Leicestershire

Tuesday from Braunston with the Cottesmore looked so impossible that many of those who had been able to get their horses to the meet sent them home again and made a job of "elevenes" at the Gilpin picture gallery. Hardly the sort of day to see ourselves as others see us. Finding in Prior's Coppice hounds ran well for an hour in a ring through Belton in deep snow.

Only those with horse boxes could get to the meet at Harlaxton with the Belvoir on Wednesday, and the dozen or so had a really nice evening hunt from Bescaby.

1932 started well with a thaw, and the Belvoir were able to hunt at Plungar, but things went wrong all day, though a Kaye Wood fox was killed in his owner's garden after a short ring. A very welcome return of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose first appearance it was. A marvellous bottle party at Burrough that evening with the Braunston ballerina in a series of entirely new motion poems. To make them harder these were done bare-back with non-adhesive shoulder straps.

By means of a practical experiment James has now been convinced that he was wrong and Isaac Newton right. A glass of water will *not* remain on the ceiling when its support is removed.

It is unwise

at a bottle party



WITH THE COTTESMORE: LADY STANLEY AND LORD SEFTON

At the recent Cottesmore fixture at Owston. Lord Sefton is the field-master of these hounds

and Marjory Brassey was reported as hurt, but no real damage! No wonder the schoolboy asked his mother to buy him a dictionary, as he happened to be close by when "Burgbie" took that jerk and broke most of his gear.

Wednesday again saw us frost-bound, and we were stopped a couple of days. The annual children's party given by Mrs. Lord, whom everyone regrets is so ill, took place at Bridges Court, kindly lent for the occasion, and was voted one of the best, and was kept going to the early hours of the morning, Joyce insisting that no one should leave till the New Year was well in.

Oh what a crowd at the Hospital Ball on Friday at Westonbirt, and we congratulate the hard-working committee on a great success, both, we hope, financially and otherwise. "Blue coats" were rather noticeable absentees. We didn't call it quite the game for the young gent to take the champagne and drink it in the car!

From the Fernie

There was a good muster at Arnesby on Monday. Flocks of motor-cars blocked the roadways. Motor cyclists dashed amongst the riders at considerable risk, and foot-people were in every field. With donning of aprons and macs, we looked like meeting a storm, but the clouds rolled away as the day advanced. Lord and Lady Rosebery, who came over from Leighton Buzzard to have a hunt, were part of a big field. A travelling fox, picked up at Peating, and which ran us out to Fleckney, was the first item. This started the tambourine a-rolling, and several riders as well, who landed in unsavoury spots, one Diana arising from a sea of mud, but smiling thro'. That excellent little covert, Charlie's Gorse, provided the next fox. Some good fun over the fences to Ashby and Gilmerton kept everyone amused, having a cut at the more desirable places. A final burst from Gilmerton to Walton Holt took us over the cream of the country, after which most people turned for home.

With Otho's Beagles at Stoughton on Tuesday an enjoyable day was spent on the snow-clad country. The Master, still hale and hearty, with his diminutive pack, gave the enthusiastic foot-sloggers a good run of two hours in the keen air and killed his hare. Several fox-chasers were amongst the field. Pony club rallies now encourage the younger generation, and several meetings have been arranged. The contestants are very keen. Frost holds us up at the moment.

From the Heythrop

It has been a very trying week, as frost and snow, New Year celebrations, and income-tax demands have all been sent to us, and in the case of the latter we have been severely tried and found wanting. In fact the school-boy was about right who, when asked what the capital of England is, replied that it is about half what it was at this time last year. Frost and snow stopped us hunting on Wednesday and Friday, and as for New Year celebrations, there has been a galaxy of gaiety this week. The 9 to 90 dance was held at Stow-on-the-Wold on a night so cold that zero to zero would have been a more befitting title, and this, coupled with seeing the New Year in, caused many to wake up on January 1 with a feeling of the morning after the year before.

Our only two days' hunting were on Monday at the Cross Hands, and Saturday at Fifield. On the former day there was a cold N.W. wind, one of those ill-winds that never blow any good as far as scent is concerned. We were glad to see that our gallant judge had come

(Continued on p. 56)

SOCIETY SITTERS

A Page of Personalities



Yevonde
MR.
CHRISTOPHER
DE
BATHÉ—

The marriage of Miss Edna Terrill to Mr. Christopher de Bathe was arranged to take place on January 12 at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Mr. de Bathe is a nephew of Sir Hugo de Bathe. His exceedingly pretty bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Terrill of Melbourne.



Yevonde
—AND HIS BRIDE, MISS EDNA TERRILL

Master Patrick Drury-Lowe, though he made his début in the world only a few months ago, is already very popular in nursery circles. His parents' opinion of him is naturally high, and he is certainly an admirable baby. Mrs. John Drury-Lowe was Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere before her marriage last year. Her husband is in the Scots Guards.



Elwin Neame
MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE AND HER
ENGAGING BABY SON, PATRICK



THE HON. PAMELA BALFOUR

On the right is the latest portrait of Lord and Lady Kinross' eldest daughter. The Hon. Pamela Balfour is very well known in amateur dramatic circles, and is a member of that famous company, the Windsor Strollers. She has also taken leading parts in the plays produced at Forest of Glen Tanar by Lord Glentanar. It is said that Miss Balfour is now contemplating going into serious training for the stage, and she undoubtedly has talent enough to justify such an important step

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Meaning of Life.

AMONG the many letters which I receive from readers of these pages during the course of the year, this phrase recurs insistently somewhere in all its variations: "I cannot understand the meaning of Life. The longer I live the more I am 'befogged.'" And towards each of these correspondents I proffer not only understanding but sympathy. I do not know the meaning of Life either, and the longer I live the more I also am befogged. I have listened to all of the explanations. I have tried to explain it myself. They are all so logical, but somehow or other, they don't seem to apply. Not, at least, to life as most of us experience it. Religion is, of course, the perfect solution; until in cold thought one begins to *think*. The wise, I know, accept without thinking and call it Faith, but we are not all of us wise; or if we be, then we are not wise all the time. And it is this between-time which makes us confess that within our heart of hearts we are completely baffled by the solution of life's mystery, or rather life's meaning. My own experience is that soon after I have, through many bitter tears and disillusionments, discovered a foundation upon which to build a logical kind of Faith, which, alas, is the only kind of Faith which appeals to me, the interpretation of it in terms of experience and actuality turns everything once again all topsy-turvy, and I find myself floundering in as deep a morass as ever I did in those more youthful days when, discovering there is no God, or thinking so, I jeered at those who still believed; as if to jeer were a kind of convincing argument. After which, of course, one fashions God differently and more wisely; and then Life and all its sad, bitter experiences, its sense of frustration, upset this new ideal. There follows that not unhappy, but rather hopeless feeling of "befogment" over which so many of my correspondents sigh rather than complain. I know, of course, that the air of all-right-with-this-world-and-the-next-one is the best air to assume, because it is the air which leads to happiness. And if one can assume it truthfully, then the gods have not much more to give us. We are at friends with Life and at peace with ourselves. But not all can attain such a state of uncomplicated optimism. When so much that is good within us lives on frustrated development, and so much all around us, from whatever angle viewed, is so grossly unfair, it is difficult to don the rose-coloured glasses of simple faith—and this I say in envy rather than in disparagement of those who thus can put them on. We others have to resign ourselves to vague glimpses of some immutable natural law so vast in its ramifications that human life is but a billionth part of its scheme, though life itself may be the origin and will undoubtedly be the outcome. Thus we welcome science, not so much because science seems to diminish the God of Love, as that it magnifies stupendously God-the-Creator. God has always been diminished by every one-sided interpreter of His magnitude. So also we welcome the new scientific interest in occultism and psychology, not because we believe in them absolutely—there is as yet not sufficient evidence to attain anything so firmly founded as a belief—but because through these channels one day may perhaps come the great "illumination" which will make all things clear and give a meaning to Life convincing to those whose spirit *thinks* as well as to those whose spirit only *feels*. It is that portion of Sir Oliver Lodge's own autobiography, "Past Years" (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.), which deals with his interest in and



ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

"Lever de Fanchon," by Nicolas Bernard Lepicé (1735-1784), one of the many master-pieces in the Exhibition of French Art opened last week at the Royal Academy. This picture was lent by the Musée de St. Omer



"MLLE. DE FEL"

Maurice Quentin de la Tour's beautiful pastel portrait of his mistress. It is one of the fifty full-page illustrations to Mr. Eric Underwood's "A Short History of French Painting" (Oxford University Press) which is particularly recommended to those visiting the current Exhibition at Burlington House

study of psychical research which lends to his book a permanent and unusual value rarely found in a man's autobiography, however entralling otherwise. Here is a man, we say to ourselves, who thinks step by step with the care and exactitude of a mathematician. Surely he will not be swayed by that easy emotionalism which seems to make so many so-called spiritualists believe anything and anybody, so long as it, and they, bolster up their own belief—belief being, *ipso facto*, something which gives them happiness and security for their eternal ego. To be convinced against one's will may, perhaps, make us often of the same opinion still, but when it doesn't our conviction is at any rate founded on a firmer basis. When it comes to the question of psychical research the more honest doubt the better. Thus when doubt itself is lifted one believes the evidence to be unquestionable, because most people believe only the faith which makes them happier, not always the faith which makes them wiser. Incidentally, I am often puzzled by the attitude of the churches towards psychical research. It seems so queer to me that a scientific attitude which seeks to substantiate the one great promise of religion should receive from the religious such infuriated treatment! Rather one would think the churches ought to welcome the smallest substantiated evidence of a consciousness hereafter, even when it explodes their dull picture of the conventional Heaven. Mankind has outgrown the satisfaction of a mere visionary promise, however beautiful, however comforting. It demands facts, because it now believes that the whole Divine scheme of creation is a logical scheme—natural law which moves step by step upwards towards perfection, which will eventually mean the perfect expression of life. And so, to return to Sir Oliver Lodge's most interesting autobiography; they are the chapters which deal with his investigation of evidence in psychical research and his own beliefs founded on these investigations, which will lend the book a permanent appeal to those who, otherwise, remember only vaguely the simply told story of his most interesting and distinguished career. Nevertheless, this story is well worth telling the world. It is a story of hard work—though great happiness would be a better definition, since the work was the kind which brings more joy than all the hours of leisure unearned—of a happy married life, of no great financial riches, but rich in the friendly company of fellow-workers who were also friends. And

(Continued on p. 54)

MAIDEN MODESTY

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Mistress (to new maid): You must be very careful with the new geyser, Mary, because it's not absolutely foolproof

Mary: No, mum, that's why I never likes meddling with them things

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

although most of the story has necessarily to do with science, Sir Oliver is such a pastmaster in making the difficult and complicated appear straightforward and simple to minds uneducated scientifically, that where other men might make the subject dry, he makes it enthralling. From beginning to end the autobiography is always interesting, often intensely so. Above all the book is permeated by a great friendliness towards life, because each step he took in greater knowledge was inspired by the inner conviction that this life is not all, and increasing knowledge and discovery only intensified this conviction. And that surely is the eternal *raison d'être* of all deeper understanding of all greater wisdom. Otherwise, we were happier and wiser living like the animals, for the moment, for the hour, for the day. Sir Oliver Lodge in his autobiography tells us how he came to be convinced that neither the moment, nor the hour, nor the day is all, but that a greater and finer stage in the soul's history lies ahead. It is thus something much more than an autobiography in the ordinary sense; rather something to inspire our own life-story as well.

* * *

A Gaily Daring Biography.

Among all the dull books on record I think you may safely lump the majority of the "lives" of living men, written either by themselves or by some fervent disciple. At best most of them achieve merely the tabulation of events, plus the kind of wax-figure which living people like to mould of themselves for the edification, or otherwise, of the world. Both of small importance, because the only things of vital interest in the lives of anybody are the things which few know and nobody tells. Yet, "Bernard Shaw by Frank Harris" (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)—being "An Unauthorized Biography based on first-hand information, with a Postscript by Mr. Shaw"—is a brilliant exception to the general rule; brilliant and odd, amusing and disturbingly candid, and outspoken as only an old friend can speak out, or *dare*. Place it, however, beside the

authorized biography by Prof. Archibald Henderson, and you have the difference between "tonic" as opposed to soporific company. We are all of us unconscious frauds, more or less, and it is always the unconscious fraudulence which is seized upon by very old friends and usually relations. But this fraudulence is, nevertheless, part of ourselves, and we are silly to be ashamed of it—always providing that the sincerely honest side of our nature is recognized and acknowledged. Besides, it seems to me that in these days a famous personage has got to be something of a false image, which, of course, isn't at all the same as being a false prophet. The world wants to know, because nowadays it cannot get to know too much about its famous men. In self-defence, as well as in self-advertisement, a man has to form the conception of some part and, if only he hammers away long enough at that conception, its reputation will at any rate last him his lifetime. Unfortunately, very old friends and relations conceive that rôle to be very different from the manner in which you want to play it. They know at once too much and too little. They see the results, but they cannot always conceive of causes. Whereas more recent comers into our lives forgive the causes,

when they are not blind to them, if only the result be sufficiently thrilling. And Bernard Shaw could always be relied upon to be thrilling even when, as Mr. Harris tells us, he used to walk the London streets in a kind of woolly baby-bunting outfit. It is so difficult to be over-impressed by a Great Man in full regalia when once you have seen him in his pyjamas. And Mr. Frank Harris has known Mr. Shaw so long that he can never obliterate from his mind the pyjama aspect, and upon this aspect his book concentrates. Happily for us Mr. Shaw cannot resist the fascination of his personality and wit under any aspect. Consequently, although at first he refused to have anything to do with this unauthorized biography he eventually

arrived at conditional co-operation, and by an irony of fate, was finally destined to correct the proofs after Harris's death last August. Which brings us up to one of the most interesting aspects of Shaw's character which the author stresses all the way through his book. Namely, that Shaw can never go *all the way* anywhere. Metaphorically speaking, he has spent his life pushing his way deliberately against the crowd, only to turn, when the crowd has begun to thin, to elbow his way back again. His plays, his books are daring, and often violent reactions against the traditional and accepted, but the revolutionary aspect ends in an amusing last act, or as the member of a committee, Frank Harris writes: "All he had was a clear eye for seeing what the trouble was. He didn't kill, nor was he killed by it. All he did was to spit putty balls at it from his ivory tower and laugh." He would have liked Shaw to go to prison for his views, and somehow is chagrined to discover that Shaw only spat another putty ball in yet another direction long before his actions, as apart from words, ever got him within sight of vengeful authority. By which he judges him to be something less than a Great Man. Yet what a wise one, perhaps. Is Humanity worth going to prison for in order to "save" it? Experience very much doubts it! Mr.

Shaw seems to have been born with the bump of experience. Mr. Harris does not like this "bump." "For a quarter of a century," he writes at the end, "I have been waiting for just one book from Shaw with the heart and guts and brains of the whole meaning of life in it." He waited in vain. Meanwhile Mr. Shaw continued to criticise the existing disorder, laugh at it, jeer at it, pull it down. But only in books and plays. Consequently the existing disorder still exists, but it has been very much excited and interested and amused by Mr. Shaw. Probably humanity can only exist in disorder. That is why it hates logic and common sense and disagreeable facts while bowing the knee to their images. It much prefers an oration on these topics. An oration, even on Communism, allows one to order a taxi at the end and to drive home comfortably to bed. And this Mr. Shaw has always permitted us to do. For this Mr. Harris never quite forgave him apparently. His biography is consequently candid to a degree; unforgiving, perhaps, but impulsively affectionate and undoubtedly sincere. Moreover, there is a chapter on Mr. Shaw's "sex credo" elaborated out of all proportion to its vital psychological importance.



"Did you get that parrot I sent you from Australia?"
"Aye, but, by gum, lad, it was tough"

SOME STAGE ASIDES



TILLY LOSCH—BOOKED FOR "THE MIRACLE"

J. B. Dalton
IN "THE MERRY WIDOW": CARL BRISSON
AND HELEN GILLILAND

The Viennese Press is a bit surprised at the news that one of its most famous dancers, Tilly Losch, should be engaged to play the Nun in the London revival of "The Miracle," and professes to be very intrigued to see what is going to happen. However we shall soon know all about it for the great spectacle play comes to the Lyceum as soon as pantomime time is over. In private life Tilly Losch is the wife of an Englishman, Mr. Edward James of London. "The Merry Widow" revival has been a terrific success at Streatham and is now at Golders Green, in full sail towards the West End. George Graves, of course, is back in his old part, Popoff, and Carl Brisson is again a magnificent Danilo, and Helen Gilliland charming as Die Lustige Witwe



TILLY LOSCH IN A FAMILIAR POSE



WITH THE BADSWORTH: MAJOR BRIAN TINKER, M.F.H.

A snapshot when they met at Womersley, Yorks, last week. Major Brian Tinker and Miss Tinker took on from Major L. B. Holliday. Major Tinker hunts hounds himself.

bird, and returned to duty; while the other has got gapes in his legs and returned home to sit.

From Warwickshire

We seem to have been the unluckiest of the Midland packs as regards the frost, for we got only one day's hunting this week, although we had all hoped for a bye-day on Saturday. It was bitterly cold with a falling glass on Monday at 'Ascot Park with occasional drenching showers just to improve scent. There were plenty of foxes everywhere but hounds never could do much with them, although they managed to kill one in Nardy Bushes.

Snow fell quite fast on Monday night, and it lay too thickly up at Wychford for any chance of hunting.

The party at Chadshunt on New Year's Eve was cheery and informal, and a worthy successor to all the others which have been such fun there (though of course we missed Milly and Pat who have left us this season).

Whether the drink was champagne or lemonade it all seemed to have the same effect in the end. Were the numbers on the cars as mixed as the vintages of champagne? At any rate, I hope Reggie thanked him, as it was a very cold night.

From the York and Ainsty

A short spell of frost deprived both the North and South packs of one or two days, but the Northerners, with Lord Mountgarret in command, had a good woodland day at Goldsborough on Saturday (2nd), accounting for a brace.

On Monday the same pack met at Green Hamerton and found lots of foxes, though there was little scent to hunt them with.

Next day the South met at Hessay—I don't think I can remember meeting at this exact spot before, though, of course, we constantly run past it. We duly found the expected outlier and had other hunts from Red House and Ruforth Whin, but the weather was too stormy to do much good.

Thursday at Escrick was the first "children's day" in our country, and we hope they enjoyed it. We are sorry for those grown-ups who wanted to come and weren't allowed to, but they can come next time provided they produce a child and enrol it in the Pony Club.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 50)

From Lincolnshire

Contrary to what we were led to expect by the weather prophets, the frost, which threatened a general hold-up just after Christmas, was only short-lived. Following two arctic nights came a wonderful change—a spell as balmy as May—so that the going was in working order on the second day of the New Year. This being the first stop since the season began there was nothing to grouse about. While scent was vile in some countries, the Blankney, hunting from Beckingham on January 2, earned distinction. Hounds began with a tip-top fifty-five minutes from Broughton Top, and were only beaten when their leader turned down-wind at the railway. But, on their next fox from the Low Covert, came opportunity for a regular pipe-opener. After crossing and re-crossing a beautiful line of country in the Vale for seventy-five minutes, hounds twice put the gentleman into a hole, but after his second eviction they partook of a well-earned meal. Everybody went home as happy as sand-boys, even those who suffered discomfort by plumbing the depths of the bottomless Brant, which twice came in the way. Our dogs should beware of interfering when hounds are anywhere near.

From the Blackmore Vale

Sport has been good on the whole, especially Tuesdays. Yarcombe to Yeovil, Naydens to Pyle Hill, and a good all-round-the-hat hunt from Annis Hills have been among the plums enjoyed. The ex-M.F.H. of the Portman has been having a few days with us of late. He came in for a good gallop over the Sparkford Vale, Ilchester's Gorse to Babcary, and his old black B.V. coat generally brings luck!

The Saturday country is now riding pretty deep, but the few who journeyed to Fifield Neville enjoyed a good afternoon hunt, after a morning in Deadmoor, when all who could stood still, but there always was the danger of sinking. It surely must be lucky to have a horse-shoe through the window of your car, even if it has a horse's leg attached.

Quite a week of gaiety! A jolly good fancy-dress party away in the hills, and several well-known faces unrecognizable. First prizes undoubtedly go to the Sheik and the Housemaid. Dancing also at Barrow and Hinton, and a well-run subscription dance in Sherborne, organized by Mrs. Dauntsey.

Ven House, the seat of Sir H. M. Medlycott, Bart., made a pretty setting for the tryst, and crowds watched hounds draw Crendly. They'd a good afternoon hunt from Holthams.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK WITH THE COWDRAY

At a recent meet in Arundel Castle Park. The Duke of Norfolk is very keen both in hunting and riding in Point-to-Points. He is in the Blues (R. of O.). Lord Cowdray and his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, are joint Masters of these hounds

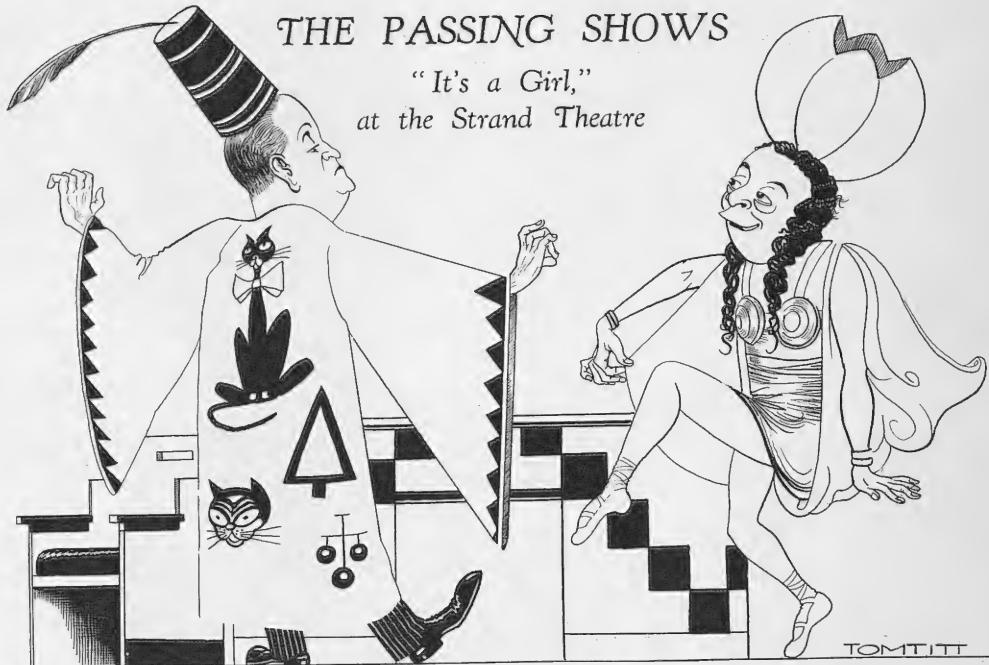
THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



SNOWBOUND

THE PASSING SHOWS

"It's a Girl,"
at the Strand Theatre



"ALLY OOP, THE SOOTHSAYER"—WITH ACCOMPLICE

How they improve the shining hour in the ladies' underwear trade. Mr. Lightbody, the new sales expert (Mr. Sydney Howard), assisted by the junior partner (Mr. Leslie Henson), disguise themselves for a little fortune-telling

THE laughermath to *It's a Boy* has duly arrived at Comedy Corner. All four are doing well. Meaning *It's a Girl*; the proud parent, Mr. Austin Melford; Mr. Leslie Henson, whom heaven preserve; and Mr. Sydney Howard, whose hands are neither pale nor beside the Shalimar, but silent, sinuous witnesses to that culture which can assume a virtue among kings and walk with crowds nor lose the oh, so common touch.

Whereas Mr. Billy Bennett is "almost a gentleman," Mr. Howard is twice a Bishop. At least in manner and deportment, and always assuming that Bishops prefer the third person singular (pronouncing "One" as "Wan"), wear hats three sizes too small, carry comic umbrellas, and affect a gait incorporating the sailor's roll, the Grecian bend, the eel's hips, and the curate's tango. The Howard humour is paradox barbed with satire—the "low" comedian pretending to be tremendously "high" and giving his lowness away at mere whisperings a'nt jemmys, racing tips, and public-houses. Mr. Lightbody's watchword is "Excelsior!" right enough, but, though the strange device which adorns his banner is spelt Eton and Harrow, there is no other way of pronouncing it than Epsom and Hounslow.

It's a Girl has a story about two partners in a ladies' underwear firm, their two typists (one bad blonde and one good blonde), with whom they get matrimonially entangled, and the sales expert whom they engage to boost their business. All that is a detail. For purposes of situations the agenda reads like this: Act I. Opening a safe. Act II. Telling fortunes. Act III. Attending the patient.

Messrs. Henson and Melford, the partners, want to open the safe because the bad blonde (Miss Muriel Montrose) has placed therein a proposal of marriage, signed, and delivered by Mr. Melford under the supper-time influence of gin and ginger. While Mr. Henson fatuously draws a plan of the room, Mr. Howard, the new Sales Expert (and how!), suavely reiterates the case for dynamite. Wan should never be without it. The sound of calico being torn "off" at the crucial moment of bending provides a nice contrast in facial eloquence. Mr. Howard looks pained and shy; Mr. Henson writhes in his chair, his features contorted with spasms of deep-sea discomfort. This diversion will grow



THE SECRETARY BIRD
Violet Farley (Miss Vesta
Sylva) proves in the end
that (business) gentlemen
prefer blondes



OUR MISS JUGG

The gorgon of the show-room (Miss Connie Ediss) dopes the senior partner's tonic-water to give him courage to propose to his secretary



VICTIM AND VAMP

The senior partner (Mr. Austin Melford), in the toils of the brunette typist (Miss Muriel Montrose)

funnier with every performance. Mr. Henson, wan need not be reminded, is not only the most consistent of clowns, but an excellent producer with ideas.

The second charade has its ripe moments. Mr. Henson has extracted his partner from the clutches of the "black-beetle"—his own description, and a good one. Miss Snape comes to work in a scaly creation which is, in every sense, black mail. But it doesn't go badly with the office *décor*. In such distracting surroundings the talk drifts from the Paris fashions to Newmarket Heath. Which recalls a pleasant picture of Mr. Smith-Melford toiling at his desk while Mr. Prout-Henson and Mr. Lightbody-Howard blow in hours late after a wet and lingering lunch. "Epsom," snaps Prout, interrupting the agenda. "Newmarket," murmurs Lightbody, politely but unsteadily, and so the argument of where, when and how Cameronian won his first victory proceeds.

Mr. Henson, I was saying, having extricated his pal, finds himself caught with the same game of breach-of-promise consequences,

and landed with the Snape. This suits Mr. Melford, who wants to marry the brunette (Miss Vesta Sylva), and is later encouraged to screw up enough courage to pop the question by Miss Connie Ediss, assisted by a tot of gin. Miss Ediss is the Gorgon of the show-room, a cooker of forbidden steak and onions on the gas-ring, and a votary of Bacchus (wherefore, the name of Jugg). The boss can't sack her because she nursed him as a boy.

Mr. Henson, being planted with the lady, must needs shake her off. How better than tell her fortune? Mr. Howard, in a calabastic dressing-gown and a false moustache, is at hand as Ally Oop the Soothsayer. Mr. Henson, disguised as some raven-locked dancing girl from the East—"Oh breath of the dromedary, oh last squaw that broke the camel's back!"—is his assistant. We are amused.

And then the final extravaganza. The blonde has fainted off-stage, and succour is scorned from all save the medical profession. Enough said. Re-enter Mr. Henson as a doctor, followed by Mr. Howard as a nurse. The exchange of professional gadgets—a fly-whisk for a pair of scissors, a pot-fern for something equally preposterous—the bandying of gossip about patients and remedies . . . how Nurse Howard lost her job at the hospital for throwing a linseed poultice at the matron . . . the deduction for the linseed from her wages . . . Dr. Henson's views on "smoker's rash" (striking matches on the trouser-seat), and cornflower as a substitute for baby-powder—all this back-chat must be heard and not written about.

In short, with the aforementioned ladies filling the minor rôles with zest (not forgetting Miss Jeanne Stuart as a tall and lovely mannequin); Miss Ediss in her old form, yet with not quite enough scope to show it off; Mr. Melford as the perfect butt and foil; Mr. Howard the essence of manuflexion and refinement; and Mr. Henson's face, body and powers of persiflage working at full pressure, *It's a Girl* can count on the universal support of holiday audiences—and then some. Let them laugh this one off—and feel better.

"TRINCOLO."



THE EARL'S DAUGHTER

Gloriana Bredon-Jones (Miss Jeanne Stuart), the new mannequin, does the first job of work in her family for 600 years



PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES: EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY

ALL SORTS OF SPORT



AT LEICESTER CHASES: MRS. JAMES SEELY AND LADY URSULA FILMER SANKEY



MR. AND MRS. A. SMITH BINGHAM AND MR. HARRY BROWN



LADY DOROTHY FRASER AND GEORGE DULLER



WITH THE ESSEX HOUNDS AT DAGENHAM: MR. NICHOLLS AND MRS. G. B. HOARE



BEAGLING AT MELROSE: INCLUDED IN THE GROUP ARE SIR THEOPHILUS AND LADY BIDDULPH, COLONEL CUNNINGHAM, MR. MEADE, LADY ANDERSON AND MRS. JEFFREY

There was a very good day's jumping at Leicester the day the three groups at the top of this page were taken, and it was spring-like enough to entice the violets and the primroses to come out. George Duller's furs seemed an excess of caution, but it is a changeable climate, as we all know, and 'flu plays the very mischief. Mrs. Smith Bingham, who, with her husband, is talking to another celebrated trainer, Harry Brown, had a couple running on Monday, one of them Ponorogo. Lady Dorothy Fraser is an aunt of the Earl of Coventry, and hunts in Leicestershire, mostly with the Fernie. Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey is the wife of the Master of the South Notts, and, as is equally well known, is a daughter of the Duke of Westminster. Of the other pictures, Mrs. G. B. Hoare, who is in the snapshot with Mr. Nicholls at the Essex Hounds' fixture at Dagenham Priory last week, is the wife of the new Master, Mr. G. B. Hoare. The other group was taken with Mr. Scott Plummer's beagles when they met near Melrose the other day. Mr. Scott Plummer and his brother were the two Masters who started the present Lauderdale Hunt—one time part of the Buccleuch country

Clapperton

A HUNTING THE FOX IN IRELAND



WITH THE KILKENNY: COMMANDER AND
MRS. REDMOND McGRATH



Pool, Dublin
LORD THURLES AND
MRS. McNEILL



Pool, Dublin
LORD ALTAMONT AND
LADY GUERNSEY



WITH THE QUEEN'S COUNTY: THE HUNT BALL MEET AT STRADBALLY

The names in the group are (l. to r.—front row): Miss Calista Hickie, Major Maurice C. Hamilton, M.F.H., Mr. M. P. Minch, M.F.H., and Miss Marsden (on extreme right). (Back row): Captain Cosby, Mrs. Fairfax Ross, Major R. Tryon, Master Paul Hamilton, Mr. Hubert Hamilton, K.C., Miss Maureen Taaffe, etc.

All these pictures were taken on the mornings after the nights before (hunt balls), and are a speaking testimony to the bravery of fox-hunters. Jumping the obstacles in the morning after hopping about a ball-room is nothing compared to facing the camera. The Kilkenny held their ball at Kilkenny Castle, the Marquess of Ormonde's seat, and Lord and Lady Ossory, his son and daughter-in-law, had a party for it. Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath were in the house party. Lord Thurles is Lord Ossory's heir, and Mrs. McNeill is a visitor from Bucks. Lady Guernsey, who is the wife of the late Lord Guernsey, is a sister of Lady Ossory and has been out all this season with the Kilkenny, which Major Dermot McCalmont hunts and does so very well. Hounds came to Kilkenny Castle the following morning. Lord Altamont was Joint Master of The Blazers, but is hunting in Limerick this season. Mallow Castle, where the Duhallow snapshot was taken, has been in the Jephson family for over 300 years. Stradbally Castle, where the Queen's County hounds met, is the seat of Captain Cosby, the grandson of a former master. Major Hamilton and Mr. Minch have been Joint Masters of these hounds since 1926. Miss Hickie is a niece of Senator Major-General Sir William Hickie. Mrs. Ross is the wife of Captain T. Fairfax Ross, Rifle Brigade, the regiment to which Captain Cosby was formerly attached.



O'Brien, Fermoy
WITH THE DUHALLOW AT MALLOW CASTLE:
MRS. JEPHSON AND SIR WILLIAM MARSHALL



MANUSC

LIL DAGOVER

The beautiful Continental film star who, according to art critics, has the most perfect back in the world. One Viennese is said to be prepared to back her opinion of its supremacy over all others for any sum up to £5,000

one, till they form the jewelled girdle that, along the Promenade des Anglais, bedecks *Nizza la Bella* after dusk.

I need not tell you that Nice is pretty empty compared to other years, and that Cannes is a pleasant wilderness. Nevertheless, English is the language one hears most amongst the visitors; the gutteral Teuton accent seems to have vanished, and the French of Paris (almost the worst kind) does not yet overbear the "Assent du Midi" where, usually at this time of the year, it turns Vogade's into a Southern "Fouquet's."

I left Paris on Christmas Day full of the optimism induced by the good cheer of a family *déjeuner* that included the traditional stuffed turkey, the *foie gras de Strasbourg* that no *déjeuner de Noël* can forgo, and a real British Christmas pudding out of compliment to me. I was in no condition, therefore, to be looking for trouble . . . it just came! For quite a while I was under the impression that it was a warm and muggy afternoon. The roads were beautifully dry and white in the centre (which I had all to myself), with a sort of dark dampness at the sides; the going was splendid and I neither "passed" nor "was passed" till Fontainebleau announced itself on the red-capped *bornes kilométriques* (which is the outlandish way we have of saying "milestones" in this country!).

Then a belt of fog happened, from which I emerged into the bitterest winter I have ever struck. The top of the road became covered with heavy frost, the sides were gleet ice. Between Fontainebleau and Nevers, where I stopped for the night, I counted ten abandoned cars in the ditches, saw three more bad smashes, and turned my little bus into an ambulance twice. My Christmas dinner seemed to belong to the far, far-away past, and the hours during which I slowly and prudently slithered towards my destination were made up of age-long minutes. Next morning I was up bright and early, intending to get most of my run done before dusk. The ground underfoot was solid ice, and the early risers were skating about the streets on their . . .

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,— It is New Year's Eve as I write and I therefore wish you—and all who may chance to glance at this—the Happier New Year that ever was! May our troubles soon be over and may the optimist who declared to the Daily Press that the Present Crisis would be over in a couple of months be entirely right!

Personally, I am ending the Old Year and starting the New One very pleasantly. Business has brought me South, and I have only to lift my head to enjoy a wonderful sunset over the Baie des Anges and watch the lights gleam out one, by

well, anything but their feet. I left Nevers at five minutes to seven; at seven o'clock I returned there with a gear lever, that had broken off flush with the gear-box, on the seat beside me. I do remove my *chapeau* to the Hôtel de France's garage! In two hours' time they had removed quite a lot of the middle viscera of Miss Chrysler, had soldered the broken part, put it all back (having miraculously found the right place for everything!), and sent me on my way rejoicing! Well . . . rejoicing until I barged into the next mess that the high road revealed. A lorry that had turned turtle, killing its driver and his wife outright, having thrown them out and then crushed them after a long skid on the ice-crusted road. It carried a load of children's toys, and I shall never forget those gay carts and "puff-puffs" scattered over the frosted grass by the wayside, the yellow-haired dolls in their dainty finery—some of them red-splashed—staring up, with their painted eyes, at the grey, snow-laden sky. . . . *

Since writing the above the Old Year has become the New. I lunched this noon of January 1st, 1932, at your favourite haunt (Peter, my lamb!): the *Reserve* at Beaulieu. No signs of the *crise* at M. Lottier's famous restaurant . . . the place was packed. Elsa Maxwell had a party of boy and girl friends that, of course, included M. Jean Patou. Hers was the only English-speaking party, for to-day's gathering was distinctly French. The Léon Reniers *père et fils*—of Havas agency fame—were at another table, a real family affair, with wives complete.

There were also M. Bader (founder and general manager of the Galeries Lafayette), his wife, and the largest emerald I have ever seen; Midlarsky, who put the move in Pathé Nathan movies; M. de Gobart, of the *Intransigeant*, and his witty wife; M. Gillet—the richest man in France; and Mlle. Renée Veiller, a bright young ornament of the Silver Screen. Pity you were not there, Très Cher. PRISCILLA.



Jonals.

FAIRY TALE IN PORT
The beautiful bronze statue of Hans Christian Andersen's "Mermaid," which surmounts a rock over-looking the harbour of Copenhagen and may be admired by all who pass along Langelinie, the fine waterside promenade of the Danish capital

A BEAUTIFUL "TURANDOT"



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E. O. HOPPE, CROMWELL PLACE, S.W.

ELIZABETH NELVI IN GRAND OPERA IN YUGO-SLAVIA

Elizabeth Nelvi, who was formerly Miss Bessie English, is the beautiful young British Grand Opera singer and has been engaged this season by the Royal National Theatre of Yugo-Slavia (Belgrade) as the "guest" artiste. Elizabeth Nelvi is seen here in "Turandot," Puccini's unfinished opera, which is all about the lovely Chinese Princess whose suitors were given three riddles to answer and paid their heads for wrong solutions. Puccini, who was born in 1858 and died not so very long ago, is more famous, perhaps, as the composer of "La Tosca," "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Manon Lescaut," etc.

FROM OVER THE SEAS !



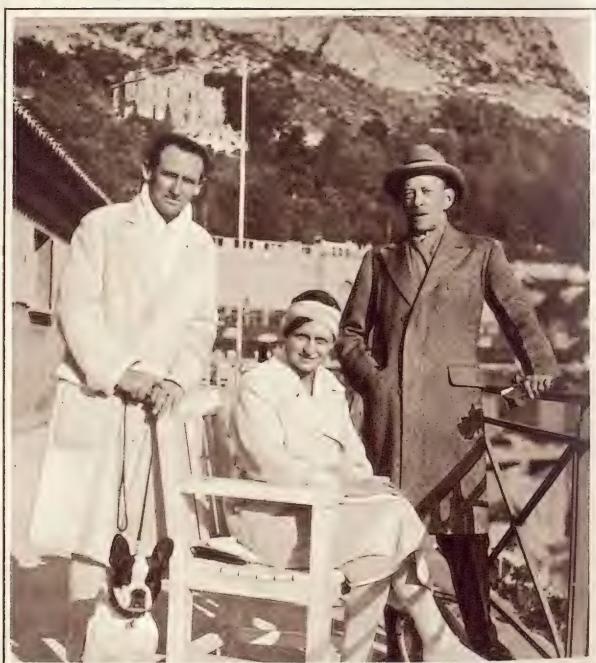
IN PARIS: MLLÉ. SUZANNE LENGLÉN



BY THE SEA OF GALILEE: LORD AND LADY READING



AT ST. MORITZ: M. VAN DONGEN AND MISS DORA RUBY, THE AMERICAN DANCER



AT MONTE: MR. GEORGE BUTLER AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS SCHAUMBERG-LIPPE

The net has been very widely cast in this collection of pictures and some very big fish have been caught. The famous tennis ex-champion was just off to Sweden when the camera "shot" her in Paris. Mlle. Lenglen has been extensively interviewed on the subject of lawn-tennis "manners," which was recently up before the L.T.A. Her views probably are very enlightening. Lord and Lady Reading are sitting on a wall on the Melchett estate at Migdal, near Tiberias, and the view of the Sea of Galilee is quite wonderful. M. Van Dongen, the world-renowned painter, seems to have arrived at the right moment to aid and abet the beautiful American dancer, Miss Dora Ruby. Mr. George Butler, who is the moving spirit in all that has to do with lawn tennis at the Monte Carlo Country Club, is on the terrace of that famous establishment with the Prince and Princess Schaumberg-Lippe, who are both enthusiasts. All the twenty or so courts at the Country Club are full by 10 a.m. every morning, so that the Riviera is not quite as deserted as some people may imagine.



"DANSEUSE"

By Auguste Leroux

From the picture exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1931



"VAE V

By Arthur



ICTIS"

• Wardle



BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO HER MAJESTY THE KING



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

FROM THE FLICKERS



MIRIAM HOPKINS—ON LEAVE!

Miriam Hopkins had this sea-breezy picture taken just after she was recovering from the strenuous experience of playing opposite lead to the French star turn, M. Maurice Chevalier, in the film "The Smiling Lieutenant," which suited his style of beauty so well. Anna May Wong, who is really Chinese, but was raised in America, is a real little genius, and they say that her latest pic, "The Daughter of The Dragon," is one right into her hands. It would be a bad film which she could not make better. "Anita" and "Anito" show you what a wig, a good make-up and a camera can do to the one and the same person. Anita Page is a pocket-size blonde, and only horned in on this film business in 1928.



ANNA MAY WONG—"THE DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON"



"ANITA" AND "ANITO" (PAGE) UNDERSTOOD—SAME LADY—DIFFERENT WIGS

FAMILY PORTRAITS

The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket
and her daughters, Neelia and Doon



THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET AND NEELIA



DOON SITS UP AND TAKES NOTICE



LETTING SLEEPING BABES LIE

Photographs by Lenare

"THE LINER, SHE'S A LADY"—BUT . .



A WIND-JAMMER OFF THE GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA

The liner, as a distinguished person has remarked, is a lady—but where decorative effect is concerned, she is not in the same sea with the real lady with white wings—a species unhappily disappearing. On the bosom of the Seven Seas, it is becoming increasingly possible to count the wind-jammer on the fingers of the two hands, and also, possibly, the sailor-men to handle her. The materialistic age in which we live is blotting out the man who can lie out aloft and get the rags off her when it begins to threaten to tear them out of the bolt-holes. This picture was taken through the port-hole of a liner

Pictures in the Fire : By "SABRETACHE"

H.E. THE VICEROY OF INDIA must have caused a good deal of disappointment to some people by flying from Calcutta to Delhi in his own 'plane. It is to be noted that no mention of any R.A.F. escort was made. At that moment it may not have been necessary. If, however, the "information" sent through a certain channel is as complete as I believe it to be, unescorted flights by Distinguished Personages in India will not be desirable in the immediate future.

* * *

It has surprised a good many just ordinary people that so much was made of the "words" which made the air blue in New York at the Bridge Marathon : for, quite apart from the fact that it was all "ballyhoo"—i.e., prize-fight publicity—quite humble bridge players say infinitely much worse words (to themselves) about their partners and others. The only difference seems to be that in this New York show they have had the pluck to think aloud. So far, bridge as a motive for murder has never been actually proved : and this is really rather surprising when you think it over quite quietly.

* * *

ONE of my long-distance friends whose hand-writing ought, of course, to give me an instant clue to his name and address—I, though I say it as hadn't oughter, having a photographic memory—has written to me and sent me a cutting from an East London (Cape Town Province) paper about the troubles of the native footballer. I cannot write and thank my friend, because he has omitted to sign his name or give his address ; but I know that we know one another well enough to make that sort of thing quite immaterial. It is, after all, keeping touch with your right- or left-hand file, as the case may be, that really matters, and I am glad to think that in this instance it has not been lost. The cutting is from some South African paper of which the name is not given, and is about an All Black Rugger team which calls itself "The Black Lions." This is what the paper tells us about these braves and their belief in witchcraft :

Superstition played its part in native football in East London during the past season. A report on the season says : "The Black Lions, a team founded last year, were at first promising, but later took to neglecting their game to watch the referees. They were warned against this practice and became a very hard nut to crack. Now they have been smitten by a new complex and have adopted an

ancient superstition. When they lose a match they allege that they have been mesmerised by a witch. Belief in witchcraft still prevails among some of the players and detracts greatly from the spirit of sportsmanship."

Of course, a belief in witches still survives in far more civilised places than East London. What did I tell you the other day about "Byard's Leap," one of the Lincolnshire side fixtures of the Belvoir ? The Lincolnshire and other folk in other parts of these islands may not be ready to own up to a belief in witches ; but don't believe them every time. People pretend not to believe in THE DEVIL ! How do you explain a whole lot of things in this life if his side is not batting sometimes ? Of course, it is perfectly stupid to imagine that the Other Side does not have to go out and do a bit of leather-hunting now and again.

* * *

MY correspondent writes me a most interesting letter, and in the course of it says :—

"I take off my hat to Old England for the way she has come up to the scratch.

And to think that a lot of

people are gloating

because they think England is in the soup. It makes me sick ! Poor fools ! If England is in the soup, then we will soon be 'under the harrow.' What do you think of the Springboks ? They are not the Team of all Talents as some of us fondly imagined. I am glad they are meeting with strong opposition. I am enclosing a cutting from an East London paper in connection with native football. It is very quaint. Fancy casting a spell on a crack three-quarter just as he was about to cross the line for a try ! It is very amusing to read the names of the coloured and native teams. The best I can remember is 'The Malmesbury Well-Behaviours v. The Stellenbosch Nevergives-In.' What do you think of the changes in the Army—tractors for horses ? Can you imagine a battery (R.H.A.) going into action behind tractors ? Ugh ! If I don't write again before then I wish you a Happy Christmas and a Better New Year than 1931." And the same to you and many of them ! And as regards the rest, I think a lot of people ought to try and remember what "The Little Corporal" said of us : "Damn these English ; they never know when they are beaten !" I'd like to add to that, "and they won't believe it when they are winning !" We are winning and we don't, or like to pretend that we don't, know it ; but so many other people who are not citizens of "this England" do know it, and it is that which is making them so jealous.



WITH THE BELVOIR AT PLUNGAR

Howard Bassett

A group taken the day H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was out for the first time this season. The names (left to right) are: Mrs Gibbs, the Hon. Somerset Maxwell (Lord Farnham's son, who married Miss Susan Roberts, daughter of the late Captain Marshall Roberts, Master of the Belvoir), Mr. Owen Roberts, (son of the late M.F.H.), Colonel Gibbs, and the Hon Mrs. Somerset Maxwell



Bale

A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY WITH THE FERNIE
Colonel Sir Harold Wernher, M.F.H., Senior Master of the Fernie, and Col. J. G. Lowther, M.F.H., Senior Master of the Pytchley, his guest when the Fernie met at Thorpe Labenham



IN WINTER WEATHER with its chilly zest the soft, warming comfort of Haig is more appreciated than ever. For occasions of hospitality and friendship, then **AND AT ALL SEASONS—HAIG**

NO FINEER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Bubble and Squeak



RHYTHMIC POSE

Two studies taken in Vienna at Frau Professor Bodenwieser's noted school of dancing, where convolutions such as these are all in the day's play to her lissom pupils

THE following is taken from our famous contemporary, the *Morning Post*: A Japanese boy, who was learning English, was told to write a short thesis on the banana. This is the result:

"The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

"The banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine, while banana are Pristine Product, of honourable mother nature. In case of sausage, both conclusions are attached to other sausage; Banana on other hands are attached on one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

* * *

A young lady went into a bank to have a cheque cashed. "But, Madam," the clerk told her, "you'll have to get someone to introduce you before I can pay you the money on this cheque."

She stared at him disdainfully. "Sir," she said haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am here strictly on business. I am not making a social call. I do not care to know you."

* * *

A retired Scotsman took up golf, and, after trying manfully to learn, he became despondent, and was seen no more upon the course. One day a friend suggested a game.

"Na, na," said the old fellow. "I've given up the gowf, but I'm still keepin' on wi' the sweerin'."



PAS DE DEUX IN VIENNA

While crossing a common an old woman noticed one of the keepers jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up.

Stopping beside him she said kindly, "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not very, Mum," replied the man. "You see, I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."

* * *

The magistrate who was standing for Parliament encountered the local poacher and stopped to ask if he might expect the latter to vote for him.

The reprobate shook his head.

"I suppose," said the magistrate, "you still remember that I sent you to prison?"

"Oh, no," said the other, generously. "You did your duty, and bygones is bygones. But what did rile me is the fact that you kept on sayin' I was poachin' rabbits when they was hares. I'm sorry, but a man what doesn't know the difference between a rabbit and a hare ain't fit to go to Pallyment."

The following incident occurred in an East End Jewish restaurant. An irritable man hastened in and instructed the waiter to fetch him a steak.

"The rust biff is very good," remarked the waiter.

"I want a steak," retorted the patron.

"The rust biff is fine, iff you plizz, Sir."

"But I said," yelled the prospective diner, "I want a steak!"

"I was h'only trying to suggest, Sir, dat de rust biff was h'excel lent," persisted the waiter.

The man lost all patience at this stage and summoned the proprietor.

"Look here," he said angrily, "I've been asking this fellow to bring me a steak and he keeps telling me that the roast beef is good!"

"Well," drawled the proprietor, "do you t'ink de rust biff is bad?"

* * *

A man called on his doctor and told him he had been feeling queer. After he had examined the patient the doctor gave him a prescription, and said: "By the way, have you followed anyone else's advice since you were taken ill?"

The patient nodded. "Yes," he said, "a young medical student. He's a friend of mine."

The doctor bristled visibly. "And what foolish advice did he give you?" he asked contemptuously.

"He told me to come and see you," was the reply.

* * *

"Well, my friend," said a vicar to one of his parishioners, whose wife had already had twins and was now the mother of triplets, "So Heaven has smiled upon you again."

"Yes," agreed the parishioner, "if you can call it a smile. I'm half-inclined to think that this time Heaven came very near to having a jolly good laugh."

ELIZABETH ARDEN

has made age-guessing the most difficult of games



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PARIS

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BERLIN

ROME

A Rugby Letter :

By
"HARLEQUIN"

NEXT Saturday is big with the fate of four Rugby nations, England and Wales, Scotland and the South Africans meeting to settle their differences at Swansea and at Murrayfield. Both will be highly interesting games as far as results are concerned, and the Swansea match may be attractive to watch. Perhaps that



THE NORTHAMPTON RUGGER XV.

The team which beat Rugby at Northampton 18 points to 3 in their recent battle. In this picture the names are (left to right, back row): B. W. Toton (referee), D. King, F. Garratt, V. Watkins, — Daniels, M. Jelley, W. M. Jackson, G. H. Bailey, T. E. Drakes, E. J. Gordon (hon. sec.); front row: R. J. Longland, J. H. Treen, W. H. Weston, T. Hanis, J. Millward, C. Slow, J. E. Knoll

is too much to hope for at Edinburgh, where the Springboks will probably continue to employ the same "safety first" tactics which made their meeting with England at Twickenham one of the dullest functions on record.

There was no question, of course, that the stronger side, physically speaking, won. Nor can there be any doubt that the South Africans have a perfect right to adopt any plan of campaign they please. If they think they can win by exercising to the full their superiority in weight and strength, no one can quarrel with their tactics. But one may be permitted to deplore the fact that such tactics took most of the life and interest out of the game, which was only partially redeemed by Brand's brilliant dropped goal, one of the finest ever seen.

It was one of life's little ironies that the two African scores were the direct result of the only two slips made by the England full back, R. J. Barr, of Leicester, who otherwise made a most promising début. The solitary try of the day was the result of a stupid fly-kick by a visiting forward over the home goal-line, the sort of thing that ensures a boy getting the sack from his second fifteen at school. The ball was almost out of Barr's reach, but he just touched it, and then stumbled while trying to save, so that a Springbok forward got the touch down—a real tragedy for England.

As the game wore on it began to look as if this unsatisfactory and fluky score were to decide the match, so that it was almost a relief when Brand, safely catching a huge free kick from Barr, made his wonderful shot at goal. That effort did deserve to win an international game, and everybody was then satisfied that the South Africans deserved to win. Five minutes before that a very different feeling prevailed, for, generally speaking, their Rugby had been of the most

elementary type, and seldom can a side have demonstrated so enormous a superiority forward and failed so dismally to turn it to the best advantage, or, indeed, to any advantage at all.

For this, the plan of campaign adopted by B. Osler, the captain, was mainly responsible. He seemed to have no confidence whatever in the men behind him, and seldom

gave them the ball, preferring to monopolise it himself, and to take endless futile kicks. Some were drop-kicks at goal, only one of which went anywhere near its mark; others were punts which either went dead or were returned with interest by Barr, and others were punts into touch, some of which gained ground, while others did not.

There was probably not a single person on the ground who expected an English victory, and the display given by our men was by no means unsatisfactory. Outclassed as they were physically, the forwards strove their hardest, and if they failed to gain possession they kept up their end in other directions. They tackled desperately, and in the line-out they were excellent, so that it is not surprising that the selectors made only two changes in the pack to meet Wales.

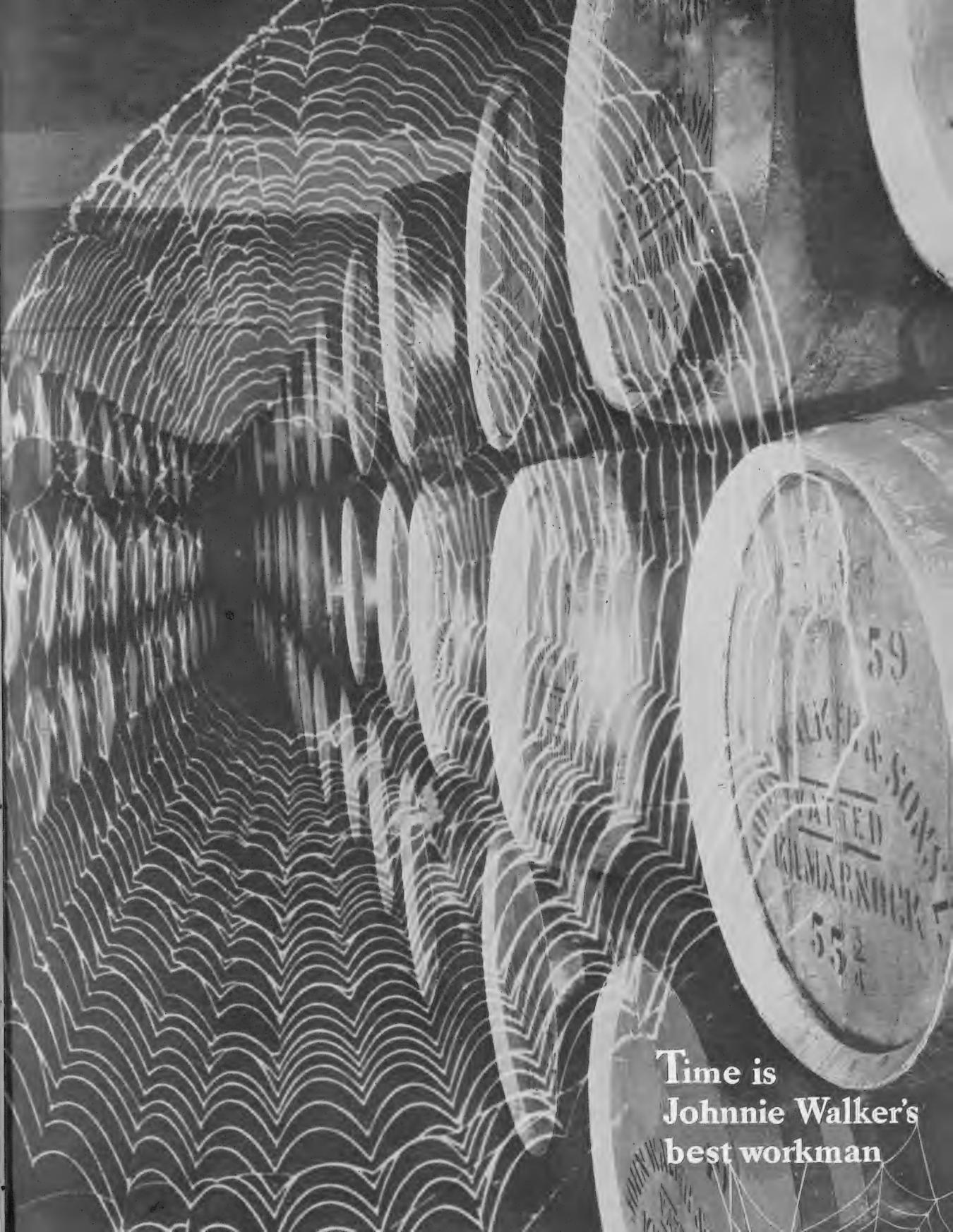
There is a lesson, however, to be learnt from this match as far as forward work is concerned. Our men must learn to shove. Pushing has gone out of fashion of late years; there has been too much specialising. The first duty of a forward is to shove, else how is the hooker to gain possession? A first shove is the essential preliminary to a successful heel, an elementary fact ignored by many players and most spectators.

Our selectors were evidently satisfied with our back, since it has been chosen *en bloc* against Wales. Very few people expected changes, though the clamour for playing C. D. Aarvold in the centre is still heard in some quarters. One might have thought that the way in which he bottled up Zimmerman would have put an end, to this particular craze. R. A. Gerrard made a highly satisfactory début, and will probably play many more times for England. As for the halves, they chose themselves; both did very well against the Springboks, considering how seldom they got the ball. If Spong had had it half as often as Osler, the match might well have ended differently.



THE RUGBY XV.

The side which took the knock 18 points to 3 to Northampton (seen in picture at top) in the recent match at Northampton. The names in the picture are (left to right, back row): A. J. Barrows, W. H. Tapling, J. R. Rossiter, J. Livingston, F. Taylor, M. J. Facer, F. M. Birch, J. W. W. McCreadie, D. Seaton (match hon. sec.); front row: G. R. Lines, S. J. T. Howell, H. E. W. Smith, N. C. Marr (Captain), H. J. Davies, C. Bramham, J. Foxon



Time is
Johnnie Walker's
best workman



MR. H. M. BATEMAN, (right) MRS. BATEMAN, AND (below) MONICA AND DIANA BATEMAN

One of the world's greatest laughter-makers, Mr. H. M. Bateman, has just gone back to New York, which he is revisiting after many years. H. M. Bateman stands alone in his own class, and has given more cause for genuine merriment to the world at large than any other artist of his *genre* whom it is possible to name. He comes back to us in the Spring—and thank goodness says we "The Tatler"—and it is certain that he will bring home with him in his sketch book some things which will tell us and America what he thinks of her

"Travelling Restrictively."

IT is, to me at all events, rather a painful thought that one of these days—fine or otherwise—I may find my motoring explorations confined to the 'ard 'igh road. One of the conspicuously memorable experiences of my life was when, many many years ago, I discovered on my own account that motor cars would go where (at that time) they were hardly supposed to go. I used to consult big-scale ordnance maps upon which even small bridle paths were carefully marked, and Mrs. P. V. and I, well equipped with a picnic basket, would go out to ensue them and find what luck they had for us. And it was the greatest fun in the world. Not seldom we struck patches of trouble, as for example when we slithered down the glade of a wood, all beech leaves and pheasants, and I had to walk four miles to get horses to pull us out; and there was another occasion on which, owing to darkness coming on rather suddenly, we got completely lost in the Chilterns (head-lamps are little good when your front wheels are on the brink of a 60-ft. quarry); and once we finished up in a farm-midden just like Messrs. Pyecroft, Morshed, Jules, and Leggatt, and it was literally hours before we could get out. But that was in Scotland, and it all came of disregarding maps and drawing a bow at a venture. None the less I wouldn't have missed that experience for worlds. But nowadays there are so many cars and car owners that you cannot keep these delights for yourselves. Where there is the mark of tyre treads other tyre treads will inevitably follow. I like this idea, even though the summer before last some total strangers temporarily camped out in my temporary drive. Nevertheless it has had certain ill results. There was an area in Sussex where aforetime we used to penetrate marvellous woodlands, so that after lunch we could sleep in silent peace but for the snapping of the gorse-pods. And because I knew the owner of that land and had permission so to do it was all very beatific. But there are barbed-wire entanglements there now of the kind that would beat a tank—for the long-enduring squire got fed up with bottles and discarded sardine tins, and quite serious fires, and the ruination of his preserves. He was no Colonel Dabney, and that was no exceptional case. Another great tract of glorious country, miles and miles of it, was shut up only a few months ago.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting

Petrol Vapour

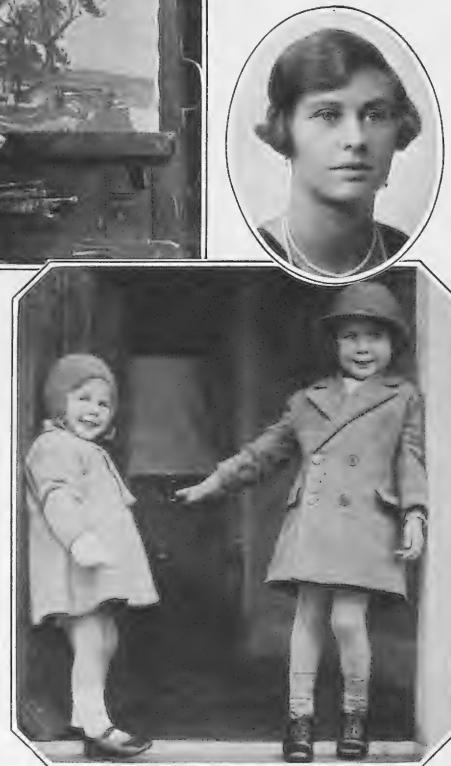
By W. G. ASTON

What a Pity!

I am reminded of all this very disagreeable business since I now see there is a movement on foot to close

Alms Hill. It is one of the nuttiest gradients in the Home Counties, adjoining the park of my Lord Camoys, and just off the road from Henley to Watlington. For one little bit it is, I believe, all of 1 in 23. Hence it has attracted motor cyclists like a powerful magnet. Unfortunately, these hardy chaps have behaved in such a manner that of late years it has been necessary to have policemen

there to maintain a reasonable degree of order, and I would frankly grant that I do not wonder that the county authorities concerned have got fed up with the whole thing. I have seen that hill on several occasions when it was nothing but the playground of a lot of swanning idiots, with machines that, on the score of noise, ought to have been ruled off any highway or byway. But that is the motor cyclist all over; it is characteristic of him that he runs any *venue* to death. But my best memories of Alms Hill come from the time when it was unknown (almost) and unspoilt (quite). About 1912, I think it was, I mentioned to one Oscar Cupper that to climb this pimple he would want all



the horses under the bonnet of his fine and justly famous 38-80-h.p. Metallurgique saloon. Of course the matter had to be tried out with the least possible delay. The car, I am bound to say, made mincemeat of the hill, but there was only one man in the back (which was ME), and at what is known as "the Cannons," a *caniveau* at the worst point of the grade, there was so much wheel-slip that we nearly stopped. I reckon that about five quids' worth of tyre treads was hurled into the neighbouring woods. Well, O.C. was not satisfied. He wanted another heavy passenger on the back seat, so at the top of the hill he screwed the car round, and gaily proceeded to make a descent of it so as to pick up someone at the bottom. Oh, yes, it was something to remember. You don't need to draw diagrams to realize that if a car on a very steep grade has only back-wheel brakes and that, thanks to the angle, there is very little weight on those back wheels that then there is some probability of the brakes being inefficient. So, indeed, it turned out. The car, with slithering, shrieking tyres, rapidly took charge of the situation. We hit the "Cannons" (so called from the big drain-pipes) *caniveau* absolutely broadside on, and why we didn't topple over is one of the problems I sometimes try to solve in nightmares. Happily Oscar Cupper, besides being the greatest amateur violinist in Europe, was a racing driver of unusual nerve. How he contrived to swing that great big car I have never quite understood, but he instantly realized that braking was useless. So off came the brakes, and after making contact with the ditch at each side of the so-called road we just made, for a few indescribable seconds, a clean, free, 32 ft. per sec. per sec. dive down that hill, and it was all so well calculated that we pulled up before we reached the road at its foot. It was a lovely afternoon, and the countryside beautiful beyond words.

"The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



Miss Jean Colin

writes:

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AT DALY'S THEATRE ...

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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Rheumatism
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Information from the Sté des Bains de Mer.
Service T.A. Monte Carlo.

HAVAS



"Desperately he swung her about"

GRAY NURSE. By DALE COLLINS

LUKE rejoiced now that they had risen early. This was the last day of the honeymoon, and in a matter of hours the ferry would take them back to Sydney and the realities. A surf in the fresh solitude of the dawn would provide an appropriate and lovely curtain.

The sun climbed into the blue from the sharp-cut rim of the Pacific as they waded out through the frothing shallows, hand in hand. There was something stimulating and challenging about the steady procession of the rollers into the crescent of the bay. His awakening sense of responsibility and changed estate fell from him, and he felt young again. Far out the ocean presented a polished shield to the sky, but nearer the shore this glittering surface ribbed into smooth undulations which mounted higher as they gathered force for another thundering assault on the long and golden beaches of Australia, for another charge in their age-old battle with the land. They shouted as they came, and Luke shouted with them.

A higher smother of foam swept in.

"Come on, darling—under we go."

They ran forward, hands still clasped, dived, passed through the hissing mass and came up, gasping, on the other side.

"Ouch! Cold!"

"Silly baby!—it's just fine."

From where they floated the little town looked dead and forsaken, a doll's village forgotten by its childish mistress. The red-roofed villas gazed blankly out; the promenade beneath the pines was deserted; shutters still blinded shops and cafés; only snowy gulls minced and fluttered on the beach which would soon be thickly populated. As yet no sentinel stood by the alarm-bell on the tall tower of the shark-lookout, and the life-guards' brown bodies were still between the sheets.

Another roller caught them unawares and tumbled them head-over-heels. They emerged spluttering and fell into each other's arms for support. The inevitable kiss tasted salty sweet. Then they swam on, climbing over or diving through the marching hills.

"This is far enough. Should be able to catch one here."

They waited poised, but the roller toppled over before it reached them, and they could only tread water while the welter roared above, for to shoot on a wave it must be caught at the precise moment when it curls before breaking.

The next one did the same, and the next.

"Have to go out a bit farther."

As Luke spoke his eyes turned to the deserted beach. The suggestion was rash in the circumstances, but his hesitation passed. Nothing could go wrong on this morning of theirs. The world was a wonderful place, and belonged to them because they were in love. They struck out for that luring line where they would be able to catch a big fellow and go rushing into the shallows in a thrilling, headlong ride on the shoulder of the ocean.

"Now we should be O.K."

They turned to select a white horse to their liking.

The warmth went out of the water and the sun out of the sky. In the roller which mounted above them—not three yards away—cruised a long, dark shadow with a fin that sliced the crest. Luke heard the little moan wrung from his darling, and his heart stood still.

They were Sydney-siders; they knew. The shadow was a thirty-foot gray nurse shark—true tiger of the seas.

"Oh, God!"

He cursed himself while he prayed. A second before the wonder of life had lain all before them; now they dwelt in the valley with Death about to strike. The wave stood still—a mass of bubbling green glass in which the shark dwelt, cold and relentless eyes staring at them, mouth drawn back in a grin.

"This wave! Only chance!"

Her lovely face was a mask of blue clay. Desperately he swung her about. Too late. They rode high on the crest with the wave slipping away. Madly they flurried around, feeling jaws of steel snapping at their legs. The gray nurse, however, waited down in the new valley. The back-wash gripped them, and they could do nothing save slip to him.

(Continued on p. iv)

Everyone likes the 'nutty' flavour

When the grocer sent some other kind of Water Biscuits, the whole family rose to protest. "But these aren't Jacobs!" They missed at once the delicate crispness, and the real nutty flavour that make Jacob's Water Biscuits the only right accompaniment to cheese among discerning people. Don't let your grocer make the same mistake. He's sure to have Jacob's—loose, in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets, or $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$ - and $\frac{2}{5}$ tins.



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"The Best for Rest"

EVE

By

ELEANOR E. HELME

RANELAGH is emphatically one of those places where pleasant things happen. I began thinking so when I was only a small girl in a white frilly frock and a large leghorn hat, taken there by an indulgent elder to watch polo. I am sure I shall be of the same opinion when my time comes to play in the Veterans' Championship, even to compete for the "over seventy" prize. Meantime, I continue to see all manner of delightful entertainments, golfing and



Good partners: Mrs. Rieben and her daughter Isabella. At present they are ineligible to compete in the newly instituted Mother and Daughter Foursomes, Mrs. Rieben not being a "veteran," but they are a formidable pair of the future



Now that mothers and daughters are to have their special foursomes perhaps some like fixture will be arranged for sisters. Miss Sylvia Bailey would probably welcome the idea more enthusiastically than her sister Joan

However, one may amuse oneself winners of all these events. I have a particularly dark horse up my sleeve as a possible Veteran Champion; perhaps I am partial. A horribly long time ago, in my pigtail days, I used to take great delight in being capable of beating the said dark horse, whose pigtail had departed in peace some years previously. We did not play each other over a very high-class course, for the only hazards beyond long grass, trees, and a few mild slopes were hurdles, such as are used to fold sheep. They terrified us.

In due course the hurdles course became defunct and our battles shifted to a fresh scene on a real live recognized course to which we had to bicycle a good many miles through many farm gates. It was a recognized reward of prowess, or should one say punishment for failure, that the loser had to dismount and open the gates whilst the conqueror rode proudly through. We started on a match of 500 holes up. With 300 holes played my dark horse was 5 holes up—and then inconsiderately got married and moved 300 miles away! Remembering those 5 holes

AT GOLF

is it any wonder if I have a great opinion of that player's golf and a determination that when in due course and a certain number of years I, too, am qualified for the Veterans, that I will have those five back from her? Until then . . .

The holder of the Veterans' Championship at the moment is Mrs. Mungo Park, and it looks as if she and her International daughter, Miss Catherine Park, ought to be able to make a very bold bid for scratch honours in those Mother-and-Daughter Foursomes which are to precede the championship. They were semi-finalists in the Scottish Foursomes of 1930 and play with the utmost faith and confidence in each other; will anybody be able to do better than they? That, however, when you come to think of it, is quite an open question. There are several Veterans, champions and otherwise, with doughty daughters, Mrs. Garnham and Miss Kathleen of that ilk; Mrs. Walter Neilson and Miss Rachel Neilson, Mrs. Parnall and her daughter, Mrs. Rabbidge and hers, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Hezlet and Mrs. Cramsie, or Mrs. Hulton. It is a condition of the competition that the mother of the pair must be a member of the Veterans' Association, so that it is no good picturing—as yet—how well Mrs. Rieben and her daughter Isabella would do, and the Northern Foursomes as aforesaid interfering, Mrs. Fishwick and Miss Diana Fishwick will be absentees. But there are years to come.

Or a variation would be a Sisters' Championship. The Esmond sisters would certainly stand a good chance, with all the definite prestige of their Autumn Foursomes' win to lend weight to them. Then there would be Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, who were semi-finalists in that event last October; the Kerr sisters from Sheringham, prize-winners in the Spring Medal Foursomes; Miss Doreen and Miss Jessie Snook, runners-up in the Northern; Miss Judith Fowler and Mrs. Raymond Cooper, Miss Beard and Mrs. Hickman, the Baileys—though Miss Joan Bailey is no lover of competitions, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and Mrs. John Sanderson, Miss Justice and Mrs. Ashton Smalley, Mrs. J. B. Watson and Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Eckford Wallace, the Holmes, not forgetting the youngest members of the community, who still compete in the Girls'—the two Weyhausers, the Houghs, the Whitfield twins, the big-hitting little Bartons. There may be nobody even now who would beat Miss Cecil Leitch if she were to get in a bit of practice, and Mrs. Guedalla. I heard tell the other day of a wou'd-be know-all gentleman aboard a liner and rather out of his depth who declared that Miss Wethered had a couple of sisters just as good as she herself; he had often played with them. No doubt he was on the point of recounting how often he had beaten these ladies, but his style was cramped by finding that he was spinning his yarn to somebody who knew Miss Wethered and could vouch for it that she was entirely devoid of sisters, good, bad, or indifferent. Of which the moral is, Take care of the facts and the friends will take care of themselves. Or perhaps that Barrie's Miss Julie Logan has her counterpart in the golfing world. One never knows.



Miss Diana Esmond and Miss Lulu Esmond would be a fancied couple should sister foursomes be included in the fixture list. The former reached the semi-final round of the English last year at Ganton

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Render a National Service—by placing orders now, and thus give employment to highly skilled workers during the present relatively quiet “between-seasons” period.

ST. EDMUNDS (on left).—This smart Tailor Suit is designed in West of England Saxony suiting. Skirt is finished with two pleats.

MADE TO ORDER.

Coat lined Silk 9½ Gns.

ELECT (on right).—A distinctive Tailor Suit for country wear, in a new check design Tweed. Skirt has two pleats in front.

MADE TO ORDER.

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CHEPSTOW PLACE,

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MODEL C.290.—A very becoming Gown, especially suitable for large figures, in Crepe Madras, with vest and cuffs of fancy Flamenga. In black, navy and a range of new shades.

MADE TO ORDER 10½ Gns.

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London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

The HIGHWAY of FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

jet, each bead separated by a pearl; there was a solitaire ring set with a black pearl.

* * *

Great Developments.

A few years ago Margaret Barry came from Dublin to London. Just because she knew what she intended to do and has achieved it, she has had success thrust upon her. She is a keen sportswoman and an ardent admirer of smart fashions; furthermore, she considers that women must be as well dressed

on the racecourse and in the country as in town. For a few months she had quite small salons, then she migrated to 64, New Bond

Street, W., and concentrated on fashions for women who realize the importance of being well and appropriately dressed for all occasions. To-day, the 13th (her lucky number), she has greatly extended her business—at 42, South Molton Street, there is the Margaret Barry Hat Shop, and at 18, Brook Street there is the Margaret Barry Blouse Shop. Everyone knows about her hats, but her blouses are a development—they are charming, many are made of one fabric; nevertheless they suggest a fine patch-work, as it is only by this means the much-to-be-desired slender effect beneath the arms to the waist can be attained, and the sleeves are different—some have a small wing springing from a seam at the back;

Continued on p. ii



The slight fall-over at the back is an important feature of this sheared cony coat from Marcus, 33, Kensington High Street; the high collar and bell sleeves are decidedly becoming. See p. ii

What Women are Wearing.

THERE is no doubt about it that there is a radical difference between the manner in which the French and English women dress. The former choose something on account of its smartness and are very particular regarding their accessories; and no matter the colours that are looked on with favour at the moment, they always have two or three black frocks in their wardrobes. Generally speaking, Englishwomen prefer something that is becoming, relegating smartness to a second place; they do not care for black; many believe the real reason for this is that the Queen never wears black unless the Court is in mourning. Princess Antoine Bibesco is among those who like and look exceedingly well in black. She recently wore a black cloth coat with a pelisse effect and a tiny black toque with an upstanding satin bow taking the place of the well-nigh ubiquitous quill.

* * *

Almost a Uniform.

Fur coats have become almost a uniform during the recent cold snap. The Countess of Carnarvon is an exception, her choice having alighted on a lobelia red coat trimmed with black Persian lamb; she is a racing enthusiast and always chooses something that she can wear at point-to-point and other races, as well as for informal functions in town; by the way, her frock is of the same shade as her coat. It was at the Ritz that I recently saw the ideal Persian lamb coat; in it were subtly blended the cigarette top markings as well as the breitschwanz. With it the wearer had adopted a necklace of carved



Sable kolinsky has been used by Marcus for this coat; in it the art of the tailor and the furrier is seen in happy union. Although warm its weight is insignificant



*Ella
Fulton*

These maternity frocks have been designed and carried out by the Treasure Cot Co., 103, Oxford Street. They are made of crépe Arthur and crépe de chine; they are adaptable, so they are always smart and comfortable. See p. ii



GREAT DEVELOPMENTS

Owing to the development of Miss Barry's business, she is intensifying her attention on blouses and hats, as every day the vogue for these accessories becomes more pronounced. Her showrooms at Eighteen Brook Street are to be devoted entirely to the newest phases of hats, and her charming shop at Forty-two South Molton Street, (owing to the new vogue for blouses) to the newest blouses, while at Sixty-four New Bond Street she will, *of course*, continue to specialize in distinctive sports clothes.

*Margaret
Barry* LTD.

Sports Clothes : 64, NEW BOND ST., W.1.

Blouses : 42, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

Hats : 18, BROOK ST., W.1.

Garland Ad.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

it is not permitted to pass the elbow—while others are tight-fitting with a mitten cuff. It seems to me that the founts of inspiration are the perfectly-fitting Victorian bodices, the Garibaldi, in alliance with the 1932 Barry notes. The cunning of the artist's hand is plainly discernible in their designing.

* * *
Is it a Redingote?

At 64, New Bond Street, Margaret Barry is focusing her attention on something different for point-to-point and other races, for her motto is progress. She is using a new fabric for coats—it suggests velvet, but it is not—it is never seen to a greater advantage than in a deep marine blue shade, a telling touch of a contrasting colour being represented by a scarf. There is a model that is not quite a redingote, nor is it a coat-frock, nor is it an ordinary coat; it is made of the new fabric referred to above. The adjustable collar is innocent of fur, and there is a clever arrangement which may take the form of softly-falling revers or a cross-over fichu which is caught with buttons, hence it presents a neat appearance. And here is a very important item—the belt is wider in front than at the back; this is such a help to what may be termed a *difficile* figure. Another model is endowed with some of the characteristics of a coat and skirt; nevertheless a blouse is not needed to complete the scheme.

* * *

Starfish Lacing.
Another material that Margaret Barry is using suggests that it is entirely covered with pipings: the fabric is cut so that they have a slimming effect. A simple frock expressed in it has a square neckline piped with patent leather; apparently it fastens on the left side with starfish patent leather lacings, bows to match appearing on the sleeves. To wear with this is a double fox stole; the two heads rest on one shoulder; they fall straight and do not cross the dress; they are held in position with one arm,

therefore the dress is revealed. It must not be imagined that Miss Barry has neglected her tweed coats, as she is intensifying her attention on them. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that she believes in the prosperity of 1932, and it is for this reason that she has greatly developed her business.

which he combines that of the tailor. Illustrated on p. 84 is a sheared cavy coat; it is slightly pouched at the back with bell sleeves, and there is a suspicion of a cross-over effect in front; of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas, and a muff to match for 3½ guineas. Wonderful value is represented in the curled lamb short coats

for 6½ guineas; they are studies in brown and beige, and there are muffs for £3 3s. Reverting to the illustrations, the sable kolinsky coat portrayed is 70 guineas.

* * *

Maternity Frocks.
The art of creating maternity frocks, wraps, and accessories that shall camouflage the silhouette is well understood at the Treasure Cot Co., 103, Oxford Street, W.; the prices which prevail are exceptionally moderate. For instance, the frock pictured on p. 84 is £3 13s. 6d., and is made of crépe Arthur in brown, bottle green, navy, saxe, rouge, and black; it is readily adaptable, hence it is always smart and comfortable. All the dresses in these salons are made by experts who are conversant with the medical, artistic, and fashionable demand. In plain crépe de chine it is £4 17s. 6d. The other frock illustrated is also of crépe Arthur and is available in the same colours; it is provided with a vest of a contrasting shade of crépe suède; it is £3 10s. 6d., or in crépe de chine £4 14s. 6d.

* * *

Rodex Coats.

It is no exaggeration to state that the Rodex coats are made from the finest coating fabrics that the world produces. The simplicity of cut and excellence of tailoring place them on a plane apart. Some are made of

camel hair, while others are expressed in llamavel, a light and luxurious llama-hair pile fabric. These coats are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the makers, W. O. Peake, 40, Conduit Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.



A FASHIONABLE RODEX COAT

Of which two views are given. A toll has been levied on the finest tweed for its creation, while in it are present the latest commands of fashion

Reliable Furs.

There are so many pitfalls connected with the buying of furs that it is essential that a reliable furrier be consulted who has made a life-long study of the subject. Marcus, 33, Kensington High Street, has a particularly enviable reputation as a past master in the art of the furrier with

Now Remove Yellow; Whiten Teeth



3 Shades in 3 Days

Now there is no reason why your teeth should be stained, yellow, discoloured or a prey to decay—why your gums should ever be spongy and tender. For science has discovered the way to destroy millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. It's the way to make teeth gleaming white. It's called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Start using this technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Overnight you will note an improvement. In just 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Breath and taste will be clean and sweet.

Kolynos is unique. The very moment it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated dental cream becomes a refreshing FOAM which permits the use of a dry brush, thus making Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth germs—190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.



THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

Now if you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos to-day from your chemist.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic Dental Cream.
MADE IN ENGLAND

YOUR BED-TIME DUTY

Last thing: rinse out the mouth and gargle the throat with about 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in half a glassful of water. A delightful antiseptic and deodorizing refresher for a smoke-dried palate, it kills all germs, sterilizes and sweetens every crevice and effectively rids the mouth of stale odours. Get the sprinkler flask to-day. 1/9 of all chemists or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos (Dept. L.B.36), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

What
couldn't I do to a
lager!



**BARCLAY'S
LAGER**

Say "Barclay's" and buy British

WEDDINGS AND

Spring Weddings.

The marriage will take place at the end of March between Dr. Elliot David Forster, the only son of Brigadier David Forster, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Forster of Hipswell Lodge, Catterick, Yorks, and Miss Agnes Lindsey Falconer, the only daughter of the late Rev. Hugh Falconer, D.D., and of Mrs. Falconer, Southam, Prestbury, Cheltenham; and early in May, the marriage arranged between Mr. Brian Cedric Haward, the eldest son of the Rev. R. C. Haward, M.A., M.B.E., and Mrs. Haward, M.B.E., of Leysin, Switzerland, and Miss Iris Lovell Canning, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Canning of Thames Ditton, Surrey, will take place.

* *

This Month.

Captain Kingsley Fletcher-Barrett, Royal Army Medical Corps, and Miss Sheila Catherine Mackintosh are to be married on January 30 at St. James's Church, Stonehaven; on the 20th, Mr. R. A. L. Fraser - Mackenzie marries Miss D. E. McLean at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness; the marriage between Mr. George Gill and Miss Marjory Goodson is to take place at the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Street on the 19th; and on the 23rd, Mr. Neil Malcolm Peech and Miss Margaret

Hay Wrightson
MISS MARJORIE LEA

The daughter of the late Mr. H. K. Lea of Nova Scotia, Canada, and of Mrs. Lea of Parkside Road, Reading, who is to marry Instructor Lieut.-Commander David Hywel Evans, Royal Navy

Pearl Freeman
MISS TESS MARTIN

Who is engaged to Mr. Charles Hurlock of The Chase, Tulse Hill, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin of Coombe Dingle, Clarence Road, Clapham Park

Josephine Smallwood are being married at St. Mary's Church, Worplesdon.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

Lieutenant William Kirkbride, Royal Engineers, and Miss Eileen De Vargas, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur De Vargas of Horsell Rise, Woking; Mr. John Stuart Wise, Royal Signals, the son of Dr. and Mrs. H. M.

Lafayette
MISS ISABEL VICKERS

The third daughter of Dr. W. H. Playfair Vickers and Mrs. Vickers, who is engaged to marry Mr. Hugh Mortimer Adye, the younger son of the late Major-General Sir John Adye, K.C.M.G., C.B., R.A.

Gray Nurse—continued from p. 80

"Kick out! Make a noise!"

She heard and obeyed. Through his tormented mind ran a thrill of pride. What nerve! Plucky as they were made! And all the fault was his! Their legs and arms beat, but the shark disdained such a puny display. Countless stories of the savagery and flesh-lust of the gray nurse sickened him. No story was distinct in itself, yet in the mass they formed a red cloud, like blood streaming from torn bodies yet alive and sprawling in the ocean's blue.

Sheer agony that uncheckable ghissade.

The shark had become the fisherman and there was no escape from his hook.

As he hauled them in the monster withdrew a little and slid gracefully up into the heart of another hill, as though prepared to be playful since he was sure of his breakfast. The ice-green eyes gloated; the gashed mouth grinned. Suddenly the thing lunged down at them. Luke thrust himself ahead of his darling and was vaguely aware of her struggling for his place. Angry he fought her back. The gray nurse grinned the wider, amused by the success of the feint which had robbed them of any hope of catching the second wave.

Again they rose up on their end of the seaweed while the shark subsided, comfortable in the knowledge that they would have to come down again. There was nothing now save death and the pair of them, riding in this ghastly game.

Luke knew all at once that the vital spark ebbed from him, just as it does from a fish at the end of a long tussle. He had to make a final, desperate effort. Unthinkable that her dear body should be mangled and devoured. Better anything than that. He was no hero—he was literally being frightened to death—but better anything than that.

He contrived to maintain his place in front of her as they slipped down once more, feet thrusting futilely for a grip on the liquid slope, hands clawing.

Ernest Carver
VALERIE LEONARD IN "BUCKIE'S BEARS"

The clever little girl actress who has made such a favourable impression upon London at the Royalty Theatre by her charming performance of Rosella in "Buckie's Bears." This fourteen-year-old is a pupil of Fay Compton's Studio of Dramatic Art, to whose methods of training she does great credit. She passed with honours in elocution at the Guildhall School of Elocution

ENGAGEMENTS

Wise of Woolwich, and Miss Patricia Sheila Phillips, the younger daughter of Engineer-Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. W. Phillips of Highfield, Rochester, Kent; Mr. Hugh David Montagu Hulton-Harrop of Gatten Lodge, Pontesbury, Shropshire, and Miss Joan Isabella Seymour Davies-Evans, the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Delme Davies-Evans, D.S.O., and Mrs. Davies-Evans of Penylan, Carmarthenshire; Mr. Robert Roxburgh, the son of the late Mr. Robert Roxburgh and Mrs. Roxburgh of Ravenswood, 44, Sutherland Avenue, Glasgow, and Miss Elizabeth Baird, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Herbertson Baird of 44, Kingsborough Gardens, Glasgow; Dr. Alexander Giles Cameron Taylor of Bellefields, Englefield Green, the elder son of the late Brig.-General A. W. Taylor and the late Mrs. Taylor, and Miss Nolah Pratt, the daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Pratt of St. Lucia, Quorn, and Mrs. Pratt of Epsom; Mr. Peter Riley Garnett, son of Mr. F. H. Garnett, The Grange, Helifield, and Miss Margaret Lowrey Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harrison of 24, North Bailey, Durham, and granddaughter of the Rev. James Henderson, D.D., formerly Archdeacon of Northumberland and Canon Residentiary of Newcastle Cathedral.

This time the gray nurse did not draw back.

Someone had said, somewhere he had seen, that the only hope was to go for their eyes. Yes, of course, a boy had done so successfully only the other day.

With a queer, inhuman sound he flung himself forward on that shape beneath, thumbs rigid, stomach nauseated. His hands touched leathery skin, fumbled, thrust. The gray nurse shark retreated docilely and turned lazily over beneath his weight; the gray nurse shark was slit from tail to gullet—was no more than a shell thrown back by a fisherman as too cumbersome to get ashore.

When, at last, they understood, they floated up and down on the glorious marvellous, sunny rollers and grinned dumbly at each other, jaws locked in a grimace which made them look the smuggest and most fatuous of honey-moon couples.

Owing to a most regrettable misunderstanding Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Belgium was mentioned in a Lincoln car advertisement, in the issue of this journal dated December 9, 1931, as the owner of a Lincoln car. The Princess concerned, whose husband does own and use a Lincoln car, was her Royal Highness the Crown Princess Martha of Norway, and Ford Motor Company Limited ask us to publish this correction, and make public the fact that they sincerely deplore the confusion of identity of Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Princesses Astrid of Belgium and Martha of Norway.

* * *

"A Gourmet's Year" is the title of the Diary issued by the Trocadero, which is now in its thirty-sixth year of existence. Attractively bound in blue leather, the Diary contains all sorts of useful information dealing with the chief social events of 1932, particulars of theatres, concert halls, etc.

Maternity WEAR

Illustrated Price
List on request.



A most attractive Evening Gown in lace or other materials.

PRICE FROM 10½ Gns.

SALE NOW PROCEEDING

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and Country Kit.

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Sands & Co.
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Drastic Price reductions to ensure
complete clearance of stocks.

HERE is the opportunity you
have been waiting for—
hundreds of magnificent
fur coats of every description
all of reliable quality, drastically
reduced in price—many to
almost half. Call early and
secure the pick of the bargains.

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made from fine silkskins. Attractively
cut and nicely lined. Beautifully
light in weight. In Sable, Beige and Co-
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1 month) from Waterloo. 1st 67/3,
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Tkt. 1st 49/6, 3rd 29/6.



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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Mrs. WELLINGTON KOO
Hay WrightsonLADY HIGHAM AND YOUNG CHARLES
Hay WrightsonMISS LINDISFARNE HAMILTON
Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. Wellington Koo, who is very well known in London Society, is the wife of Dr. Wellington Koo, former Chinese Minister in London, and lately Premier of the Chinese Government in Peking. Dr. Koo has now been appointed Acting Foreign Minister of the Chinese Nationalist Government. Young Charles is the son and heir of Sir Charles and Lady Higham. Sir Charles Higham is one of our breeziest optimists and the great apostle of advertisement. Miss Lindisfarne Hamilton is a promising young actress, and did well in "Nine to Six" at the Arts Theatre, and also in "The Beaux' Stratagem." She is a daughter of Sir George Hamilton, M.P.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The time is fast approaching for the election of our Executive Committee. It is much hoped that members will show their interest in their Association, both by voting for the committee and attending the general meeting, which is to be held this year the evening of the first day at Cruft's, as it is thought this may be more convenient to members than having it on the morning of the second day. There is to be the same room reserved for members at Cruft's as last year, also a portion of the dining-room is reserved for the use of members. These are great boons, especially the room the second day.

The Southern Counties Gun Dog League Spaniel Trials took place at Idsworth on December 29 and 30. The trials were conducted

in the perfect manner they always are at Idsworth, and Lady Howe dispensed her usual kind and generous hospitality to all and sundry. The newly provided "Novice Stake" was a great success, having twelve entries, and attracted several boys. There is no doubt a stake of this kind is a most excellent thing, as it gives novices a chance to train and bring their dogs, and it should become most popular. The meeting was a triumph for the cocker and for Mrs. Berdoe

Wilkinson, as she won all three stakes with her cockers; Michael of Silverlands winning the Open and the All Aged Stake, while Knob of Silverlands won the Puppy Stake and was third in the Open. Michael was second in the Puppy Stake and they were second in the Brace. Truly a goodly record. These little dogs were most attractive to watch as they were full of dash and vim and yet perfectly steady and under control. Lady Howe and Major Portal were the judges.

CH. NUTFIELD SANDBOY
The property of Miss BensonDANDIE DINMONT'S
The property of Mrs. Carlyle

The dachshund is at present one of the most popular dogs and will remain so, as he has so much to recommend him—great intelligence and adaptability and also very well developed sporting instincts. Mrs. Allan started her kennel only a short time ago, two-and-a-half years, but she has already done very well indeed and produced some outstanding dogs. Her dogs are kept under ideal circumstances, as they get plenty of opportunity of exercising their propensity for hunting and digging, so they are always in the best of condition. She sends a picture of the imported stud dog, Erkmar von Lindenbrehl. Mrs. Allan has a few nice specimens of all ages for sale at present; some of the puppies are of that clear red which is so attractive.

Another breed which has attained and keeps popularity is the Sealyham; he is seen everywhere, both on the bench and in the street. Miss Benson sends a picture of her

lovely dog, Ch. Nutfield Sandboy. Sandboy made his first appearance on the bench last June at Taunton, where he annexed the certificate, though only nine-and-a-half months old. At the Sealyham Breeders' Show the following week he won seven firsts and eleven specials; he was also awarded the certificates at Leeds and Richmond the following month. He was bred by Miss Benson, who is justly proud of him. He is also most successful as a sire.

Mrs. Carlyle's dandies have had a good year and are doing well. She sends a picture of some of them. She has several to dispose of, aged from six to sixteen months. The dandie requires no "boosting"; he is a delightful dog, full of character and, like most terriers, very adaptable.

All letters should be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

ERKMAR VON LINDENBREHL
The property of Mrs. Allan

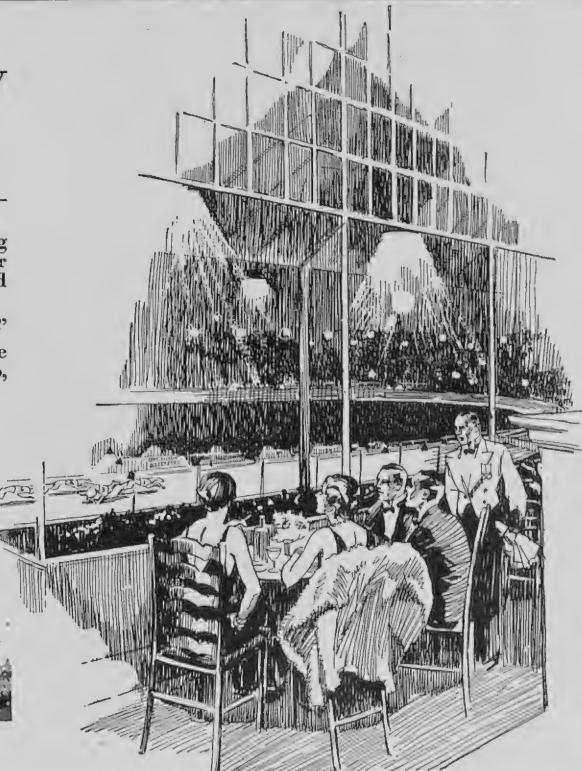
... but this is positively marvellous

"I had no idea greyhound racing was like this—how perfectly thrilling!"

"Well, you said you wanted to do something different—so I fixed this up. What's your fancy? Have your soup while it's nice and hot, then look down the card."

"George, this is great! It's just like a club."

"Well, it is a club—why not join? Drop a line to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City."



Sore Throat?

"... I find WULFING BRAND FORMAMINT is a very nice friend to have in your pocket, when you are in trouble with your throat."

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destroys the disease germs in mouth and throat, thus conquering Sore Throat, and protecting you against infectious diseases, such as

**INFLUENZA,
DIPHTHERIA,
SCARLET FEVER,
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At
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JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

Here is a gay pottery ornament for any hunting household by Geoffrey Sparrow. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches. The milestone is hollow and holds matches.

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Weather and Waste Paper.

AMATEUR flying does not develop with the aid of the air authorities but in spite of them. Regulations, rules, certificates and licences increase and multiply much more quickly than aeroplanes. For every aeroplane that is purchased by a member of the public there are at least seventeen new regulations, all of them aeronautically costive. While aircraft increase in arithmetical progression, the regulations governing them increase in geometrical progression.

Then there are the difficulties placed in the way of International intercourse by air. Everything that can be done to prevent people from travelling about Europe by air, short of positive prohibition, has been done. Mr. F. D. Bradbrooke, who has been closely in touch with private flying for a long time and who understands the regulations a great deal better than most people, made an aerial round trip with Hanover as one of the foci recently. He competed against bad weather most of the way and against hypertrophied officialism all the way. The landing at every air port was the sign for the signing. A special dossier was brought out comprising forms of every shape and form; dotted lines, stamps, references, signatures, counter-signatures, endorsements, seals, inventories, manifests, duplicates, triplicates, and every other kind of graphological garbage. But this feast of formalities was not enough for some of the aerodrome officials. They wanted more, so that papers had to be posted to them from aerodromes farther along the route.

If flying is to continue at its present rate of progress, barriers to free International travelling must be removed. The army of officials which is sworn to resist to the death the advance of aviators and to interpose between them and their objectives a barrage of forms must be demobilized. A true International spirit is essential to aeronautical development. Flying is a greater power for peace than all the conferences ever devised, but it must

be allowed to do its work without active interference. Money at present spent upon peace and disarmament conferences would attain the objective of universal peace more quickly if it were spent on flying; on helping civil aviation forward and encouraging private pilots to use the air for their journeys abroad as well as for their journeys at home.

Fairey Footsteps.

For British aviation the New Year started well, from the commercial point of view, with the Fairey order from Belgium for Foxes and Fireflies to the value of more than £300,000. A good deal of the constructional work will be done in Belgium, but the design is entirely British. The engines are the remarkable Rolls-Royce "Kestrel" supercharged power units as fitted to Royal Air Force machines.

It may at first seem curious that Great Britain should supply to foreign countries service aircraft every bit as good as her own. And it is curious. But while armaments of any kind exist, no sort of rational standards can be applied to the conduct of nations. It will be by diverting the skill and experience gained in producing military machines to civil machines that the only possible form of genuine disarmament will be secured.

Meanwhile Belgium has the advantage of possessing fighters and day bombers which are slightly faster than the best that the Royal Air Force owns. Congratulations must be divided between that country and the Fairey Aviation Company which secured the order in the face of severe competition from abroad.

An Aircraft Register.

By arrangement with the Air Ministry the British Corporation Register of Shipping and Aircraft is now able to offer a complete service including a quarterly inspection of machines. The actual Register is a sort of card index contained in a box, and giving such details as registration letters, name of the aircraft, owner, engines, station, class, category, and number and dates of Certificates of Airworthiness.

The whole service is done for the usual Air Ministry annual fee of five guineas.



Bertram Park
THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

Who has just qualified for her pilot's "A" licence at Heston Air Port, is a sister of the Countess of Minto, and they are two of the three beautiful Cook sisters of Montreal

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With the aid of Mr. Willi's new Electric Method of removing the marks of age, worry or ill-health, a woman can have a face permanently young within a week. Basic wrinkles around the eyes, loss of contour of face and neck, unsightly features, etc., are corrected painlessly and forever. Mr. Willi has been appointed Medical Consultant to the well-known London Actress. He has treated approximately 10,000 cases during his 20 years' practice in London. His Consulting Rooms are at 49, Baker Street, London, W.1.

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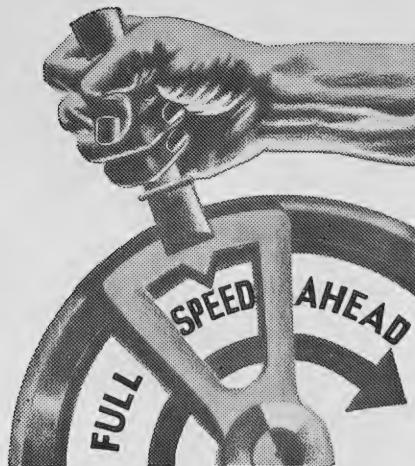
Because while it is cleansing and purifying the skin, by reason of its pure, saponaceous properties, it is soothing irritations, by reason of its super-creamy emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold at all chemists. British Depot:
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31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer
(Dept. E)
64, St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C. 4



BRITISH IS THE BEST POLICY

When a modern advertising campaign is prepared, the form of its appeal is decided by what is called the "policy" laid down in advance.

"Sell British" is the best advertising policy of to-day. The British public want British goods. Never before was the demand so urgent or so insistent. The producer of British goods who tells the public that his goods are British—who marks them, labels them, and advertises them in such a way that they *must* be identified as British—is going to reap a rich reward at the expense of his foreign competitors.

British manufacturers! Help the public to "buy British." Don't take too much knowledge for granted. Proclaim the origin of your goods.

Tell the public—
"This is British"

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for a lady of seventy-two who lost both her husband and her daughter last year from pneumonia. She was left all alone in the world and without any means, except 10s. a week, her old age pension. Once she was comfortably off, and had a beautiful home with five servants. Her daughter did splendid work as a V.A.D. during the War, and gained the Military Medal for courage. Her early death was in a great measure due to the strain of this work. Her many troubles and worries have taken their toll of the old lady's health, and her heart is in a very weak state. Her one happiness is living with a friend who is a trained nurse, and is indeed goodness itself to her, but she cannot afford to keep her for nothing. The Friends of the Poor want to co-operate with another society to give her 10s. a week extra. They urgently need £13 for a year.

* * *

A special "His Master's Voice" apparatus making audible the electricity mains in the home is one of the interesting exhibits shown by The Gramophone Company's Research Laboratories at the Physical and Optical Society's Exhibition at South Kensington, which opened recently. It is not generally known that an ordinary electric lamp flickers on and off a hundred times a second when connected to the average electricity mains. This "H.M.V." apparatus enables one to hear the current switch on and off, for the rays of a lamp fall on a sensitive photo-electric cell which has the property of generating a small electric current when exposed to light. The photo-electric cell is coupled direct to a "H.M.V." loud-speaker, from which the sound of the mains is heard.

* * *

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., announces that owing to pressure of important executive work Mr. Rex Palmer will be unable to conduct further concerts of "His Master's Voice" records from Radio-



AN INFANT PRODIGY: AUBREY RAINIER

Aubrey Rainier is only seven and is a very wonderful little 'cello player. He is a South African by birth, and will probably be making his first appearance in England in the near future. On the occasion of his only appearance (in South Africa) in September last he created a very definite sensation

Paris on Sunday afternoons for the present. During a recent transmission Mr. Palmer bade farewell to his listeners, and hoped they would like his successor whom he had selected himself. "His Master's Voice" are, for the moment, keeping the identity of the new announcer of their concerts a secret, but they believe listeners will be pleasantly surprised when they tune in to Radio-Paris on Sunday next at 3 p.m.

* * *

It is proposed, subject to sufficient support being received, to acquire Great Billing Hall, the ancestral home of the late Gervase Elwes, as a convalescent home for British musicians. There is no such home in this country, and everyone will appreciate that for no profession is the need greater nor has it ever been more desperate than now. It calls out to be met even in these difficult days. A sum of £50,000 is required. Every effort must be made to raise it. A unique opportunity has suddenly presented itself to the fund—one that must necessarily be lost if it be not promptly seized. Great Billing Hall is a delightful old Tudor mansion four miles from Northampton Station standing amidst surroundings which make it ideal for a musician's retreat. It was for generations the home of the Elwes family but it is no longer in their possession and it will shortly, unless help is promptly forthcoming, be placed in the hands of the house-breakers. What a memorial to Gervase Elwes would it be that this, his ancestral family home, should for all time be devoted to the relief of the suffering members of the profession which he so nobly served and so many of whom, destitute and ill, are gradually drifting one by one into the infirmary or Poor Law institution.

* * *

His Majesty the King has graciously consented to lend five of his pictures from Hampton Court Palace to the exhibition depicting the reign of Charles II to be held at 22 and 23, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. The exhibition is to be opened on January 28, and will remain open throughout February and early March. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association.

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